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CHICAGO LEDGER

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THE BALL GAME

"I DON'T see why they're always pulling those old brodmides about women not understanding ball games," Fatty Lewis declared. "Of course there are perhaps a few women that baseball may seem a bit complicated to, but I want to go on record for Mrs. Lawrie, who is sitting over there right there when it comes to the national pastime."

"Understands it, does she?" Hurrah Smith inquired.

"Oh, boy," Lewis explained, "just like a sister in the lodge does the password!

"I'll admit that she had some trouble fathoming the lily bid in bridge. But this baseball thing she took to just as natural as a young girl to hair ribbons.

"But it in a hurry, too," Lewis continued. "I saw her to the opening game, and she didn't know a wild pitch from a wild duck. She also got her sport phrases twisted and was talking about rounds instead of innings. But last Sunday when I took her to a doubleheader, she certainly surprised me with her knowledge of the old game.

"I'll have to hand it to her, it took her some little time to get ready to go to the game," Lewis declared. "You see she'd only been to one contest, and it bothered her just a little as to what she had better wear. I finally got the idea percolated into her head that we were going to a ball game and not a horse show, and that the majority of people who went to see baseball never watched the game and not the clothes of the spectators. I also added that I didn't wish to appear to be rushing her, but that as baseball was a daylight sport she had better wear what she had on and get started. Just as the game was called our tickets she met two girl friends, and away all went together.

"Where's Ball?" Mrs. Lewis inquired right off the reel. I think she was looking to please her friends that she was an experienced fan and knew something was missing.

"What do you think this is,' I asked her, 'a bazaar?'

"Well, they had one the opening day,' she replied in a chagrined tone of voice, 'and they also had band concerts and umpires,' she added as she lamped the arbiters.

"Isn't that a sad-looking little shrimp,' she continued, designating the umpire that was slated to make the base decisions. 'He looks like an understrapper's assistant.'

"I really explained to her that bands were merely an opening-day feature, and that umpires didn't have to pass either a physical test, graduate from the army, or to be handsome enough for a floorwalker's job. My explanation seemed to satisfy her for the time being. She and her girl friends got all busy discussing luncheon cloths, French knots, pecos, and other such things, and along for an inning and a half, the visitors in the meantime scoring four runs. Finally Mrs. Lewis looked up and said:

"'Where's the game going to start?'

"'After everybody gets here,' I replied. 'Some of the folks are still at dinner Sundays, and they don't like to commence till they're all here.

"'I'll call you when the game begins,' I added.

"The sewing circle was resumed and continued until about the fourth inning, when the women decided they'd see what was going on out in front of them. The visitors were batting and the pitchers. They were soaking the ball to all corners of the diamond. Our athletes apparently couldn't locate it with a shovel. The visitors' pitcher had everything. He had a hop to his fast one, his curves broke like corkscrews, his splitter was an ocean wave, and he hadn't laid a fat one in the alley for five innings. Our boys weren't hitting the side of their hats. Everybody was satisfied that they could win the ball game, and was admiring the pitching and fielding of the visiting team and also waiting for the second constant—that is, nearly everybody but Mrs. Lewis.

"Well, we've got the best pitchers,' Mrs. Lewis naively suggested. 'We can hit their bats whenever we want to. That visiting pitcher don't seem to be much good. I don't see why they keep him.'

"He's an awful hunk of cheese,' I assured her. 'The boy that owns him is sick. But he's an orphan, and if they released him he wouldn't have any place to go. I understand the pitcher's father used to know the manager of this team, and he made the manager promise one day that he—the manager—would get a ball club he'd give this boy a job.'

"Well, his father must have done the manager an awful favor,' Mrs. Lewis declared, 'because he certainly can't throw a ball where many of them can hit it.'

"Probably saved the manager's life, or something,' I suggested.

"Maybe so,' Mrs. Lewis assented, and then subsided for two more innings.

"Three of the home boys in a row grounded to the visitors second baseman and were thrown out at first.

"'Why don't they try knocking the ball to some one else?' Mrs. Lewis cut in. 'Don't they see they can't get 'em past that little fellow. Why not give that lazy guy out there—indicating the right fielder—something to do? He ain't done a thing since the game started.

"'Yes, and its also been pretty soft for that third baseman,' one of the girl friends added. 'He hasn't done much toward earning his salary, either.'

"'Would you just look at that pitcher of ours,' the other girl declared, excitedly. 'If that isn't just like a man.'

"'What's he doing?' I inquired, thinking perhaps I'd missed something.

"'Why rubbing his hand in that dirt and then smearing it all over his nice white suit. A woman wouldn't do that. She'd be trying to keep herself tidy.'

"'Just then one of the home boys pickled one to deep center and was almost to second base before the visitors' center fielder got a hold on it, made a circus catch. The batter came back to the bench.

"'See there, see there!' Mrs. Lewis exclaimed excitedly, pulling at my sleeve. 'I knew that little shrimp wasn't no umpire.'

"'What's the matter, honey?' I inquired.

"'Matter,' she repeated with considerable feeling, 'that man on second put that runner out, and he was clear past first base before the fielder caught the ball.'

"'That umpire did the same thing a while ago,' she added, 'but I didn't say anything about it because I thought I might be mistaken. But I was watching him close.'

"I explained to her that if the fielder caught the ball the batter was out regardless of where he was at the time the catch was made.

"'Excuse me,' one of Mrs. Lewis' friends remarked during the seventh inning, 'but who's this fellow that's been standing near the first base all the time when he's not batting? I don't see why he seems to have a lot to say considering that he isn't playing. He's been talking all the time to the umpire, and I can understand what he's jibbering about. All I can make out of it is something like "Attaboy," "Attagirl," "Shoot the pill," "Tie into one" and "Look 'em over."'

"'He's the coacher,' I informed her. 'He tells the batters what to do when they get on base.'

"'Wonder they wouldn't have some one there for a coacher,' Kingfish Jake replied. 'His grammar is something awful. I don't see how they can understand him.'

"The remainder of that inning and the next was devoted by Mrs. Lewis and her friend Kingfish to explaining what stands the 'once over,' trying to see who knew the most people. Mrs. Lewis was three up on Kingfish when the game ended, but she had evened up the score by discovering a nifty gray hat. While she was giving the once over and that to her friends, the town boys for the first time during the game had come to life and scored three runs in the seventh, making the most of its first opportunity to cheer. They were whooping and yelling, and by the time Mrs. Lewis had located the bat the side had been retired and the game was over.

"'What was the score for?' Mrs. Lewis innocently inquired, turning around where she could see the diamond.

"'Because there is over.'

"'No, dearie,' I replied. 'They're cheering because Brooklyn and Newark are not playing today.'

"'Huh,' she retorted, 'I saw that "No game" sign on the scoreboard when we first came in.'

"Can you imagine a guy spending perfectly good money for box seats on that kind of stuff?"

"'Pretty tough I'll admit.'" Hurrah replied. "How did they perform the second game?"

"Oh, they got all interested—in some soda water," Lewis declared.

"Mrs. Lewis took a squawk because they didn't serve her a glass with her pop. I finally got her calmed down by explaining that glasses weren't either customary or sanitary. She stood for my explanation until she saw another boy serve a straw to a man. That started her raving all over again. She was positive then that she'd been cheated. Her and her friends did some talking, and Mrs. Lewis invited them out to the house to dinner to show them try to conceal the fact that he had perto a couple of new stitches that she had ished thru lack of sufficient covering. He learned. They discussed the merits of various threads. Located a woman with a dress that they didn't consider appropriate for a ball game. Commented on the extravagant use of baseballs. Had a three-cornered argument about the superiority of last year's skirts over the present full ones. Tried to locate somebody that was giving a frat whistle, and finally, running out of all other topics, decided to take another look at the ball game.

"Our catcher, who previously had singled and scored the first run of the game, came up to bat and tripled.

"'That man's some batter,' Mrs. Lewis declared. 'If I ran the team I'd make him bat all the time and keep them striker-outs on the bench.'

"'Good idea, kid,' I told her. 'I'll suggest your scheme to the manager.'

"We finally retired the visitors in the ninth with four runs to the good. The players began leaving the field, and the crowd started going home.

"'The game's all over,' one of Mrs. Lewis' friends declared. 'Our side still has another turn at the bat.'

"'We don't have to,' I told her. 'We're two runs to the good. We've won, 4 to 2.'

"'Well, she insisted, 'why don't they play it out? Maybe we could make some more runs and beat them as badly as they did it with their pitcher.'

"'Fine thing,' Mrs. Lewis declared, people pay their money to see two games and then they only get seven out of a half inning. They're as bad as the hucksters.'

"I finally convinced the women that the game was over. That I wasn't responsible for the playing rules, and that baseball was a pretty fair run for one admission, and got them headed for the exit.

"That night just before I went to sleep I asked Mrs. Lewis how she enjoyed the afternoon.

"'Just fine,' she replied, 'but I liked the way we used coming home much better than the way we had going out.'"—Kansas City Star.

* * *

HIS ILLNESS.

"Was your husband very sick?" inquired the woman who was buying barbed wire, as her sympathizing friend in the flower toque looked at her reproachfully as she tucked her shopping list back in her purse. "I wasn't aware know of a sick man," she inquired "who was not at death's door? My husband is quite a sufferer, so you can infer that he was very desperately sick. I knew what the trouble the minute he arrived home from the office in the middle of the day. It was a clear case of influenza, and had it been myself or any other woman, she would have simply abed into bed and endured it till it was over. But not Henry!

"'Mary,' he moaned and I knew it was going to be a hard siege, for he never calls me Mary unless he is making his will or thinks he is going to call and wishes the children sent to in case he come before they are grown up. 'Mary, I'm a sick man.' Then he went to call the office that for a time they thought I was all up with me! Get the doctor. And tell him he'd better bring a specialist with him while he's about it!'

"Well, I put Henry to bed and phoned the doctor," pursued the woman with the flower toque. "He told me at the door that Henry had a very light fever, and it would not be necessary for him to call again, and to take the usual precautions. When I went back and Henry inquired, I incautiously told him what the doctor had said. Henry sat right up in bed. He looked wildly with his hair standing ten ways for Sunday.

"'And he calls himself a doctor!' Henry roared. 'A man without the ability to diagnose a desperate case. And you are satisfied with him! I wouldn't go so far Mary, but I hope you will never regret trusting Dr. Firstcamp!'

"Of course this made it pleasant for me, but I didn't have time to think about it, because Henry said he knew he had another chill coming on, and please bring more blankets.

"Then I added his overcoast and an Oriental rug from the floor and he said that, whatever I did, I'd better hurry try to conceal the fact that he had per-

READERS will find T. C. Harbaugh's great historic story in this issue, "THE LEOPARD WOMAN; or, THE SWORD MAKER OF NAPLES." Don't pass it by. Next week's leader will be a new sort of story called "THE LOVE WRECKER; or, EZRA CRABB'S STRANGE SCHEME." It is the work of the famous author, George Allan England, and is both amusing and keenly interesting. Also next week's Ledger will contain a very remarkable story by William Macleod Raine, entitled "DOWN DEATH CANYON; or, OUT OF CELLINI'S GARDEN." It is a "hummer" and no mistake. Read it. We have on hand a lot of the best stories ever written. Wait for them.

valued his financial reputation among his friends, he said.

"When I had finished tucking in the heavy couch cover over the Oriental rug, Henry gave one heave and tumbled the towering pile off onto the floor. He said he had a horrible attack of fever, and please to take his pulse and temperature. He insisted his pulse was beating so rapidly that he could not count it. When I told him that temperature was only one degree above normal and his pulse fifteen beats overtime, Henry sneered at me. He said he was too bad I never went to night school, and he supposed it was not my fault I could not count.

"He added that usually when people had a temperature like his and were absolutely burning up, something was done for them. He suggested an ice pack for his head, so I fixed the ice bag. When it touched him he howled like a hyena. He explained that he could not possibly serve the ice boiled or otherwise heated—and he retorted that if I understood the first principles of nursing I'd know how to fix an ice bag so it wouldn't petrify the helpless man on the whack. So he threw the ice bag across the room and it broke my pet fern.

"Henry trembled feebly if I didn't know that nowadays with lung cases they kept the windows wide open. And five minutes after I had opened them he wanted to know whether I was trying to kill him at once! He wanted milk for supper, but when I asked him to boil, he said his temperature had changed and he'd like it cold. And when he got it cold, he drank it, but didn't want anything, and moaned because I was letting him starve to death.

"Well, Henry felt rocky the next day, and he could not talk out loud. He said he was too feeble to do anything more than think. But he asked me to read to out of the book that we had loaned the Japanese on the North Side—and I had to phone Mrs. Jap to look for it. I went at a downtown store, and I sent the second boy home after fifteen minutes because he said it soothed him, and insisted on the telephone bells being muffled, because he was too sick to stand them. When some one called up from the office I said he was doing nicely, he fairly howled at me. 'A sick man!' he hissed. 'Tell them it'll be a long time before I shall feel well enough to come back to work!'

"By next day there wasn't a thing the matter with him," pursued the woman in the flower toque. "He hadn't an ache or a temperature or a pain, so he said he'd be feeling better if he got up and got back to his toil. He walked very feebly down the steps, but at the corner he forgot himself and swung into a brisk stride and lit a cigar—so I knew he was all right. I called up during the day to inquire, and the fellow said that he told me he was sticking it out thru sheer grit, and then he came home and ate enough supper for an Arabian, and played until midnight! But he had had a narrow escape!"

"That just the way my husband acts!" said the woman buying towelling.

* * *

Hammocks.

The hammock is passing. Lawn swings have succeeded it in so many places that already it has become extinct in many communities. And one reason is the observation that the proportion of bachelor and bachelor girls has increased most alarmingly during those years in which the hammock's popularity was waning.

The hammock was a great promoter of sociability. It not only threw people together—it made them feel strangely drawn toward each other. Many a bashful young couples toward each other. Many a bashful young couples toward each other, and drew them closer together in fifteen minutes than would years of hammockless acquaintance. Often it made people who did not fancy they were especially congenial become fond to each other, against their inclinations.

Partly because the hammock had inclinations of its own.

I recall an occasion, at a picnic, when an overfed stout gentleman took a seat in one end of a hammock, and his father end of which an ethereal young woman was sitting. The dainty creature had met the stout gentleman for the first time only a few hours before, yet the latter, as he plumped himself into the hammock she gave way to a graceful and irresponsible emotion. Rising like a buoy from the sweep of the sea, flew into his arms, clasping him eagerly, like a doom of us were looking on.

The hammock is passing, and if sentiment does not save it, it is worthy of nothing which can. Except as a promoter of heart-to-heart sociability. I know of no other real need for it. It is popularly supposed, by residents of inland communities, that sailors sleep in hammocks, but I do not believe it. I have seen several sailors, and they were not rainbow shaped.

So there is no hope for the hammock save in the ascendency of women. If the dear ladies can go ahead and get to running our Government before the hammock becomes extinct everywhere, they may save it. Then, if they wish to prove that matters vital to the heart and home still are of first importance to them, let their first action be to restore the hammock, the best friend of youth and romance, to its ancient power and glory.

The Leopard Woman

Or, The Sword Maker of Naples

By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER I.

A SUSPICIOUS ORDER.

ON THE marble steps of one of the most beautiful palaces of Naples stood a young man of more than ordinary presence. He was not of the nobility, as one could see by his hands, which showed the effects of labor, as well as by his dress, which clean and well-fitting, was not of the texture worn by the upper classes.

The sun had just descended into the bay, and in a little while a full-orbed moon would soar over the portentous spot of Vesuvius.

This personage had just turned his twenty-third year, and yet his name was well known beyond the limits of the Italian city. Salvo Rubio was a sword maker by profession, and his blades, perfect in every particular, had no equal in that part of the world. They were so delicately tempered that they could cut thru a casque, and, besides, they were light and easily handled.

Behind him rose the stately palace of Duke Durazzo, one of the richest men in Naples, and one of the greatest rascals as well. The Duke had ships in every sea, and they brought him treasure from every coast. He was a Neapolitan of the Neapolitans, intriguing, dissolute, and a speedthrift, when spending promised to add to his voluptuous life.

He had sent for young Salvo for a certain purpose, and his invitation had been answered in person. Rubio had entered the palace knowing with whom he was about to deal, and he had resolved not to abate one jot of his manhood.

Duke Durazzo, reclining on a scented silken couch, had greeted the young armorer with a nod of the head.

"You make swords, do you not?" he inquired, measuring the youth from head to foot with a penetrating look.

"I am an armorer by profession," was the reply.

"So report tells me," simpered the Croesus of Naples. "You should take pride in the thought that Duke Rudolph Durazzo may become your patron."

"I am proud to serve all who need my services."

Durazzo seemed to start. This young man possessed a spirit he did not like.

"Can you turn out a blade that will serve the best esquire in the tournament ring?"

"I think I can forge such a weapon."

"I want no thinking about it. I want certainty."

Salvo frowned at this insolence, but his handsome brow cleared in a moment.

"I want such a blade," continued the Duke. "The arena is being prepared for the next tourney. The best contestants of France and Germany will be there. When can you bring me the sort of weapon I desire?"

"It can be placed in your hands within a fortnight."

"That will do," nodded Durazzo. "See that there is not a flaw in the steel. If there be, your head will answer for it."

Again the veins of the sword maker's temples swelled almost to bursting. His eyes flashed, but he discreetly guarded his tongue.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"It is all. Remember! A flawless blade that will hew to the shoulders!"

"Spare me!" he cried.

Salvo frowned at this insolence, but his handsome brow cleared in a moment.

"I want such a blade," continued the Duke. "The arena is being prepared for the next tourney. The best contestants of France and Germany will be there. When can you bring me the sort of weapon I desire?"

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Again the veins of the sword maker's temples swelled almost to bursting. His eyes flashed, but he discreetly guarded his tongue.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"It is all. Remember! A flawless blade that will hew to the shoulders!"

and Durazzo turned his head away.

With another look at his new patron, Salvo turned and strode from the chamber. His face was pallid when he halted on the marble steps and thought of what had just passed.

He had never liked the man inside the palace. Durazzo, but for his wealth, would be nothing but a common cutthroat, a man whom all men would hate, but he had risen in the estimation of thousands because of his gold.

Naples at the time of which we write —the middle of the thirteenth century—was one of the most famous cities in the world. She had a fame that was boundless and her fleets were on every sea, and her treasures of untold value. She was ruled by one of the most beautiful women of the world. Queen Jehanne, or Johanne of the Golden Locks, as she was called.

Jehanne in her early childhood had been betrothed to Andrea, Prince of Hungary, a man not fitted for her, a brute in many ways, insolent, overbearing, and licentious.

The marriage had taken place without love on either side, and Jehanne, using her power, had shut her husband up in a tower of Castello Nuovo in order to keep him from plotting against her with his Hungarian barons and other malcontents from France, with certain Neapolitans who were willing to do anything for gold.

Naples then was a city of plots and counterplots; the Andrean factions, ever ready to take the Queen's life, had formed themselves into secret bands armed to the teeth. It was believed that the Council of Seven was against the young Queen, who had just turned her nineteenth year, and in fact the enemy was increasing in numbers so that Jehanne could not tell who her friends really were.

At length the young sword maker of whom we have just spoken went down the steps of the Durazzo palace and found himself in the street.

"A human wolf," he said half aloud thru clinched teeth. "I curse myself for having him for a patron, but it would not have done to refuse him."

Meanwhile within the Durazzo palace the Duke had called a man into his presence.

"Did you see the lout?" he asked, his face changing color as he spoke.

"I did, my lord."

"Is he really Salvo, the sword maker?"

"He is none other."

"And the man you saw on the Corso the other night with the girl?"

"The very same."

Durazzo played with his fingers for a moment.

"By the Holy Rood!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I wish I could toss him to the lions."

"Not when he has one of his famous blades with him," smiled Luigi.

"Why not?" frowned the Duke.

"The lions wouldn't have the slightest chance, my lord."

"Is he such an expert with the sword?"

"Marry, he is! But last summer I saw four louts attack him in the park, and he spitted all of them like rabbits."

Durazzo spat on the carpet and ground his teeth.

"The pitcher that seeks the well is finally broken," he growled. "I gave him an order just to see what he is like. He is to forge me a sword, one of his best, but when it comes, I am apt to test it underneath his doublet."

Durazzo looked at his master sharply and shook his head in doubt. Then he ventured:

"The Red Count is in the city."

"What, the man from France?" exclaimed Durazzo.

"The same, my lord. I saw him but yesternight with the little monk, Alberic."

"Then I will know what brings the Red Count to Naples," grinned Durazzo.

There was silence for a moment when the Duke turned again to Luigi.

"What is the talk of the town?" he suddenly asked. "What are they saying there about her of the Golden Locks?"

"The excitement has not lulled," answered Luigi. "They are tightening the cords about the Queen, and erelong Andrea will be King of Naples."

Durazzo rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Bring me my robes, Luigi!" he cried. "Bring the hat without the plume and the short sword with the silver hilt."

The menial smiled and departed.

"Of course the cords are tightening," Durazzo said, as he sprang from the couch with blazing eyes. "We are going to be masters in Naples. When we have put our puppet on the throne, we'll turn the world inside out. The mine is working. We shall be rulers erelong, and this golden-haired woman will be at the bottom of the bay."

By this time Luigi's footsteps were heard approaching, and the Duke desisted. He soon was clothed in his street dress, after which Luigi again departed and left him alone.

"Does this young sword maker think he can be the rival of the last Durazzo?" he cried, hissing out the words between pallid lips. "Does he think he can win the Pearl of Naples as against such a lord as I? By the blood of all the saints! I will show that he plays with edged tools when he goes counter to my wishes. The girl is beautiful. There never was another creature in the world like her. Cleopatra in all her loveliness was a daub compared to Paula the Magnificent. Why didn't I finish the young eagle when he was in the trap? But I noticed that he wore one of his swords underneath his cloak, and I have no doubt he is as quick as a leopard. But I'll get him at the end of the game."

He looked at himself in the large mirror on the wall, and, apparently pleased with his appearance, he crossed the room and vanished.

"Have a care how you love, my young lion," he said to himself, as he descended the palace steps. "I will find something sharper than your swords and then—then the bird of paradise is mine!"

CHAPTER II.

THE WOMAN WITH THE LEOPARD.

HELP! help!"

The cry rang out clearly on the night air.

The young sword maker, on his way home after his visit to the Durazzo palace, stopped and listened. He was about to turn into the Strada dell' Ovo, or the Street of the Egg, and the cry had evidently come from that thoroughfare. It was two hours after his dismissal from the palace, and he had stopped once or twice on his way.

Instantly he set out on the trail like a hound, and soon was bounding down the strada. There were few lamps here and there, and overhead was a full moon, so that Salvo could see his way very well.

"Help! help!" he heard again.

A short distance ahead he perceived several men in a bunch, and drawing his sword, he quickened his pace. A moment later the group divided, and when he reached the spot he saw nothing but a man on the ground.

He was a white-bearded, old man, well garbed. Blood was on his face. Rubio stooped and lifted him in his arms.

"Did you get the rascals, signor?" asked the victim of the assault.

"They were too swift for me, signor," answered Salvo. "They would not wait to be picked."

"The cowards!" moaned the old man. "They pommeled me so well that I cannot use my left arm."

"Then let me assist you. You may need some doctoring," and Salvo, who had the strength of an ox, carried the old man down the street to his own lodgings, which were not far off.

Placing him in an armchair, he went to a little sideboard, where he found some cordial for the afflicted.

"That brings life back to this old body," smiled the victim, smacking his lips over the draught, and then his eyes roved around the room, noticing the swords in their racks and the workbench for forging.

"Ah!" cried he, "if I had had one of those blades, signor, I would have let out some Neapolitan blood."

"They were Provencals, then?" inquired Salvo.

"Yes, they belong to Conrad the Wolf."

"Did they despoil you?"

"No, they spurned to take the few scudi in my purse. They were not after my silver, but they wanted my blood."

"Naples just now is full of such dogs."

"And the sooner we get rid of the pack the better. I had been following the Woman with the Leopard——"

"Is she back in Naples?" interrupted Salvo.

"She is back again, signor," was the reply. "I chanced to run across her in another strada, and, having a desire to see more of her, I set myself on her trail. But I lost her in one of the dark little lanes near the Strada dell' Ovo, and was turning home when I was beset by Conrad's wolves and you know what followed."

The sword maker had already observed his assistant's superior mien of rank, and was about to inquire, when the other spoke:

"I am Count Otranto," said he. "I have fought for Naples on more than one field, and to be bested by a set of villains is to my dishonor."

"You are the best the answer."

"I did not get to see their faces, for they were masked, the varlets! One of them said to his comrades: 'We'll wing this old fellow, and then we'll swing Golden Locks from the walls of Castello Nuovo.'"

"I see. They are against Queen Johanne."

"They all are, the Hungarians, the Provencals, and the rest of the lot."

By this time Count Otranto was refreshed and barring a few bruises, was himself again.

"I must have one of your swords, if you are Silvo Rubio," said he.

"I am Rubio."

"Then arm me against those wolves," cried the Count. "I am not half a blade as well as the best of them, even if I am past three score and ten."

"I am glad that I was able to serve you, Count," Salvo remarked. "The pity is that the rascals did not wait till I came up. I had just come from the Durazzo palace—"

Otranto interrupted by lifting his hand.

"I hope, signor, that you are not allied with that beast," cried the old veteran.

"Not by any means," smiled the sword maker. "He has become my patron."

"Wash a sword, signor," grinned the Count. "Don't you see the plot? They are arming against the Queen."

"Durazzo, too, thinks evil?"

"Why not? Does he not attend the meetings of the Council of Seven, and does not the Brown Monk enter into the palace like a traitor night after night?"

"I have heard of the Brown Monk. He is just the man to do Durazzo's shoes and obey his every wish."

"The poison is even now overtopping the glass a smiled Count Otranto. "But I must be going."

"I trust you will not meet the wolves on your way home."

"I trust I shall. You have armed me, Signor Rubio, and if I encounter the gang again, there will be three less for Queen Johanne to hang."

In a few moments Salvo was alone in his workshop.

"I know the dastardly leaven is working," said he aloud, as he cast aside his velvet doublet and set over to his work-bench. "I must make a blade for the Duke, but he does not think of entering the lists and giving the French champions a chance to draw his blood. He wants the sword for another purpose."

He was busy at the bench in the full light that fell upon it, when there came a low rapping on the door, and he turned his head. The person who entered when he opened the portal caused him to utter a exclamation of delight.

His new visitor was a young girl of marvelous beauty, such as he was seldom seen in Naples, even at the time for her beautiful women. In years she could not have been more than 17, Johanne's age. She was of medium height, with a lovely face, rich in its freshness, and a pair of dark eyes that were of rare loveliness. Her smile was infectious. She came forward, holding out her white hands in welcoming fashion.

"You are welcome!" exclaimed Salvo, taking her in his arms and fairly smothering her in kisses.

"I thought I would find you here," said the girl, with a musical laugh, as she threw back and loosened Salvo's face. "I could not resist the temptation to bid you good night."

"It is quite late for you to be out, seeing that Naples is seething with sedition."

"But I had this," she answered, exposing a dagger with a hilt of pearl. "And you remember that you have taught me all the strokes."

Salvo became thoughtful.

"For all that," said he, "the wolves are going in packs. They are adding fuel to the fire."

"Against Queen Johanne? I know that. Just tonight I saw them in the stradas, filled with wine and shouting for Prince Andrea, who would put the Queen out of the way that he may mount the throne and turn Naples over to the boiars."

"And you had no adventures with the packs?"

"None with them," was the reply. "But I saw the Woman with the Leopard."

"I have just been informed that she has come again."

"She hovers over the city like the clouds over Vesuvius," was the reply. "The spotted cat trotted alongside of her and guarded her from every foe. I wonder who she is?"

"We do not know," said Salvo. "She is here for something mysterious. One day we will find out. Where did you see her, love?"

"She was looking into the big wine shop in the Strada del Provence. The cat put her paws upon the sill and seemed as interested as her mistress."

"A strange pair," soilloquized Salvo. "But let us talk of love," and he drew the girl to him once more and kissed her again.

As he looked into her eyes he smiled and continued:

"We shall have the tournament soon, and then you will see the best jousters in the world. The great Duke thinks of entering the lists."

"The great Duke?"

"Durazzo."

At mention of the name the face of the beauty went pallid.

"What! that libertine and coward!" she exclaimed, "one she found her breath. "I fear that man, Salvo."

"When you have me to protect you" Salvo answered.

"But yesterday on market he ogled me like a Turk, and sent a cold shiver thru my body. Durazzo is a beast in nature. His eyes are doom. One of his hirelings followed me many squares, and I rejoiced when I got safe to my lodging."

"Have no fears, love. There is a life of sunshine for us. If Durazzo insults you, I'll make him dance like a hare!" and the girl smiled confidingly.

CHAPTER III.

THE QUEEN'S PERIL.

CASTELLA NUOVO, where Queen Johanne dwelt, was a little back from the waterfront. It was a splendid structure and a fitting abode for such a fair ruler.

From its main front a beautiful view of Vesuvius was obtained, and the Bay of Naples lay like a sea of silk in waterless glory. The gardens that surrounded it were wonders of richness. Among the luxuriant flowers that grew in gazelles with gold collars sported at all times, and in another plot two sleek panthers roamed at will.

The Queen herself was wont to seek the gardens in the cool, and their inhabitants were as fond of her as they was of them. The young Queen was a strand of beauty. Her golden hair was full of pearls that rendered the bright locks as heavy as silken ropes. Her most prominent feature was her wonderful eyes, the irises of which were different, one being a limpid deep violet, while the other was quite black. She was styled Queen of Jerusalem, Naples, and Sicily, Princess of Capua, Duchess of Apulia, and Countess of Provence.

The throne of Naples had come to her thru her grandfather, the good King Robert, and her father's early home of her life was her betrothal and marriage to Andrea of Hungary, who brought with him a host of people, who came to claim his bride, a lot of hirelings who were mere wolves thirsting for unlimited power. Andrea's followers arrived in Naples than plots against the Queen began, and soon there was plenty of fuel to the fire. The Queen got to knew of this, and her spirit rose in revolt against the conspirators.

On the same night that witnessed the scenes already recorded, she opened a door of the palace and descended into the nearest garden, where a fountain stood over Naples. It was a night of nights, the air was full of the scent of flowers, and from the bay came the song of the boatmen. The young ruler paused into that bower and paused at a fountain, where she quaffed her fill, and to the chirpings of the night birds ere they settled down to rest.

All at once a figure stole from the shrubbery and advanced toward her. It was a figure enveloped in a dark cloak, and had the movements of an assassin. Johanne heard not the leopard-like footfalls, and her back continued toward the figure. Suddenly the cat paused with a growl behind her. Turning swiftly on her heel, she met the gaze of the two panthers had crouched and was viciously showing his teeth.

"What is your quarrel?" said the Queen, taking a step forward when she discovered the meaning of the cat's agitation.

"What is your business?" exclaimed, fixing her eyes upon the intruder.

The cloaked one rose to his feet. As he threw back his hood he displayed a smoothly shaven face and a pair of eyes that burned above his shrunken cheeks.

"I am your majesty's friend," said he.

"And you came to me in my privacy!" answered the Queen, with feeling.

"It is my business to come to seek you,"—was the reply. "I am Donnicetta, if you must know my name."

"I have never heard you before. But what brings you hither?"

"The safety of the Queen of Naples."

"More warnings, I suppose," said Johanne, haughtily. "I have them every day."

"But I have come to tell your majesty what I have just seen," replied the man, unabashed by Johanne's demeanor. "I have just come from a meeting of the conspirators."

"Then you have some real news."

The Queen of Naples leaned against the marble wall of the fountain and folded her arms.

"Go on. What have you seen?"

"The Council of Seven has just had another meeting at Castello Sant' Elmo. It was my good fortune to see and overhear the villains. The plot is thickening."

"Plots generally thicken," observed the young Queen with a smile. "But what of this one?"

"Let me tell your majesty who were there."

Johanne gave her red-gold ringlets a little toss and waited. Then before the man could proceed, she went on:

"I know all the men who comprise what is called the Council of Seven, but the seventh I have not discovered."

"In the first place, there was Duke Durazzo—"

"Say no more," interrupted Johanne. "By my troth, he is the seventh man!" she cried. "Durazzo, you say?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"That completes the roll. Now for the conversation."

It was the hiss of vipers," returned the man. "They are secretly arming the malcontents; they have mustered two thousand men, all of whom are well armed. They are going to release Prince Andrea, even if they have to raze Castello Nuovo."

"A pretty task they have before them," laughed Johanne. "Do they think I am friendless as all that?"

"They are drunk with expected power."

"Then we will sober them," was the Queen's answer. "The Duke of Durazzo, you say? Well, well, this is what one gets for praising a rascal's life."

"The Red Count has come back, as I learned from the deliberations of the traitors, also the Woman with the Leopard."

The Queen started a little.

"You mean the Red Wizard" and the Queen leaned forward and touched the man on the sleeve.

"By the devils, your majesty!"

"Then do me a favor. Scour Naples for the Woman with the Leopard. Here, take my ring and bid her come at once to the Castello Nuovo."

Donnisetta took the ring and concealed it from view.

"I will find her" cried he. "She shall not escape me. I will rake Naples as with a drag-net. What I deliver your majesty's talisman."

Ten minutes later the figure of the man that had been in audience was the solitary occupant of the royal garden.

After a while she slipped back to the castle, which she entered by a secret way, and repaired to her own apartments. There was a look of tears in her beautiful eyes, but they vanished almost before the light touched her face.

"So I am surrounded between two thieves, Durazzo and the Prince!" she exclaimed, her brows knitting in queening anger. "I am to be buried from power for the satisfaction of the wolfish hordes of Hungary. They combine against their girl-queen that they may reap the rewards of their infamous conspiracy. Well, well."

She touched a gold bell on a table and stood in all her beautiful majesty with an expectant air. Presently a door swung and a woman older than herself glided forward. Johanne fixed upon her the light of her deep orbs.

"Bring me my best attire, Filippa," commanded the Queen. "I mean the masculine attire."

The woman-in-waiting stared at her mistress with distended eyes.

"Go and your errand," cried the Queen, stamping her pretty foot on the rich carpet. "And fetch with you the sword with the studded hilt."

The maid departed, and once more the Queen of Naples was alone.

When Filippa returned with the attire, she was bidden depart at once, and Johanne proceeded to array herself in the garments she had been delivered. Her last act was to conceal her hair underneath the feathered hat, and with a final look at herself in a large oval mirror she left the castle by the water gate.

Turning to the left, she hurried toward the city proper, and was soon in the maze of streets there. Scarcely had she entered this tangle ere she heard the boisterous shouts of a lot of night owls. She stopped for an instant and saw that her sword was loose in its sheath.

She could not well avoid the revelers, for they were already upon her, so she gritted her teeth and prepared for the encounter.

"Down with Golden Locks!" cried the men, all of whom were clothed in the garments of the upper class. "Long live Prince Andrea, and death to the hawk in Castello Nuovo!"

All at once she was espied by the band, who rushed forward, and before the young Queen could draw they were around her.

"Down with shout for Prince Andrea, our future King!" they yelled in her ears. "Make him cry, 'Down with Golden Locks!' or slit his wizen."

Johanne's cheeks went pale at this, but she did not stir. Her sword was out now, and she had the wall of a house for her backing.

"The dandy shows fight," cried the leader of the pack. "Let me show him that we allow no one to resist the men of Naples."

At that moment the sound of footsteps fell upon the ears of all, and the next instant a young man was in the midst of the fiends, and two quick thrusts stretched a brace of them on the pave. The rest took double.

"I thank you," said the Queen, gratefully, and at that moment her hidden locks fell over her shoulders.

"Merciful God!" cried her rescuer, falling back. "It is the Queen herself."

"I am the Queen," answered Johanne, with a little laugh. "You have a good sword arm, signor."

"None in Naples, if I do say it myself. A sword maker ought to know how to handle his own blades."

"And you do know; but who are you?"

"I am Salvo Rubio, your majesty. It is a good thing that I escorted my sweetheart home."

"Methinks I have heard of you," replied the young Queen. "Will you accept of this in remembrance of this night?" and taking a jewel from her hand Johanne extended it toward Salvo.

"I will not forget," she went on, putting up the blade. "I will go my way, now that the wolves in velvet have departed. Let the two lie where they have fallen." She spurned one of the bodies with her foot. "Nay, signor, I need no escort, for I am out on private business," she added, smiling. Then for Salvo's kiss, she walked away with royal hauteur, and Salvo gazed after her till she had vanished in the dim light of the strada lamps.

"They would have finished her," he said, as he turned back. "The wolves of Naples have teeth, and I doubt not that they were some of Conrad's gang," and with this he vanished like the Queen.

CHAPTER IV.

A MERITED DOOM.

WHEN Queen Johanne separated from Salvo she walked rapidly away. Not long after she drew up in front of a fine-looking house, and the door of which she knocked with her gloved hand. Some little time elapsed before the portal swung open, and when it did the disguised Queen entered.

She was ushered into a plainly furnished apartment where stood a woman who bowed at sight of the young ruler.

"I have had some adventures," smiled Johanne, removing the hat which concealed her red-gold locks. "But for a young woman I have been subjected to insult by a pack of night revelers."

"Naples swarms with them was the reply.

"Aye, and we must crush the whole lot," answered Johanne, a fierce light burning in her eyes. "Now, Socia, for the weapon."

The other woman, who was some years the Queen's senior, seemed to recoil, but a moment later she was herself again.

"My queen shall have anything I am able to give," she replied. "If she wants the potion—"

"I do not want that," interrupted Johanne. "It has not come to poison as yet. I want the other weapon."

Socia, who was evidently one who looked into the future and marked the courses of the stars, bade the Queen wait a moment then disappeared.

In a little while she returned, holding something in her hand which looked like a bit of parchment.

"This is the weapon, your majesty," she said, extending the object to the Queen. "I trust I have done my work well."

"I doubt it not," was the reply. "I will not look at it now, but anon," and she concealed it in her bosom.

A few minutes later the Queen was back in her own apartments in Castello Nuovo. Her face was flushed and her gloved hands seemed to quaver. She took a seat by the table, and laid upon the table in the middle of the room, and unfolded the paper which had just been placed in her hands. Her beautiful face whitened while she perused its contents, and her breath came and went in little gasps.

"Is it really this bad?" she said aloud. "It must be so, else Socia would not have given me this. I am in love me. There is poison everywhere in Naples. Whichever way I look I see a dagger or a cup of death."

She was on her feet now, her regal figure drawn to its full height and her face flushed and defiant like with anger. The report fell from her hand upon the table.

It was midnight now, but down in the streets of Naples roamed bands of enemies who cursed her in loud words and threatened her with ignominious death.

"I must set my heel upon the serpents' heads!" she cried, her voice hoarse with passion and vengeance. "I must begin ere dawn. I am to remain Queen of Naples, or I must not sleep till I have struck the first blow."

Instantly she moved across the room and opened a door. A cry saluted her, and she saw a dark little figure draw back to its wall.

"Spy!" hissed the Queen, covering the cowering form with outstretched finger. "Dare you seek your Queen in Castello Nuovo? Come into the room," and she pointed to the open door.

The dark thing against the wall rose slowly to its feet and obeyed.

"Take the chair yonder," commanded Johanne. "Look your Queen in the eye."

(Continued on page eleven.)

Detective Keeneyes' Magic

Or, UNRAVELING THE RED SKEIN

By J. Breckenridge Ellis

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CHAPTER IX.

THE sheriff, followed by all the others, rushed to the Donovan barn. The door was thrown open that the bloodhounds might continue the scent. They immediately bounded into the structure, circled about the unboarded floor, then stood still. They reached the end of the trail, apparently; nor did they ever make any change in their testimony.

According to these dogs, then, the mysterious man who might have had nothing to do with the murder—admitting that a murder had been committed—but who must have been near when the deed was committed, this stranger had gone from the bloodstained footpath to Williams' place, had crossed his yard to the back lot, had come up the two-mile ascent to the Donovan place, had come to the Donovan house, if not actually within it, and he had gone to the back lot, entered the barn, and vanished into air.

The sheriff asked Donovan: "Are any of your horses missing? According to the bloodhounds, that fellow must have come in here and got on one of your horses and put out."

Donovan shook his head. "No," he said, "the horses are all here."

His farmhand said, "Except the one Mr. Walsh rides."

"Of course," returned Donovan. "Thurman Walsh goes back and forth between here and town on his own horse, as everybody knows."

"Does he keep his horse here in the barn?"

"Certainly."

"Did he come down here this morning as usual to get it?"

"Yes, after breakfast, as he always does. He rode into town and left it at the livery stable, as he's gone to the city today."

"I can't understand my dogs," said their owner. "It's plain that the man we're hunting came to this barn from the cabin trail. And if he didn't go away on a horse, why don't the dogs go on with the hunt?"

"I believe I can explain it," said one of the townsmen. "Recently the dogs crossed another trail and are mixed up. They must have come across Thurman Walsh's traces, and followed it to Donovan's house, and then here to the barn."

"My dogs don't get mixed up on trails," exclaimed their owner, decidedly. "If they followed Thurman Walsh here, they have been following him from the first."

"Which, of course, is absurd," remarked the sheriff.

"Of course; and that's why it's plain the man they followed here just naturally vanished on a horse or something, or is hiding in the woods."

"No," several voices interrupted, "we've searched every chink and cranny of this barn, and nobody could be hidden in or about it."

"If the dogs don't get mixed up on trails," protested the townsman.

"Oh," interrupted another good-humoredly, "it's money in Pete's pocket to chain them. I don't believe they are perfect any more than men."

"They don't mix their scents," maintained their owner; "that's all."

"Then I say," resumed the townsman, "why mightn't they really have been following Thurman Walsh, after all? Thurman Walsh might have been walking around last night, and might have crossed the cottage path before the blood stains were made on it; and besides that, he may have left something of the struggle, or whatever took place, and thought nothing of it, which, unless he knew about Staggs' disappearance, would not appear to him of vital significance——"

"Jones, you talk too copious," interposed the sheriff. "If Thurman Walsh was out at any such an hour of night——"

"He was not," Donovan interposed. "He sat with me and my family on the front porch last night till bedtime, which is a quarter to nine; and when my family got up to go to bed, he got up, too, and went to his room; and soon after I put out my light, he blew out his lamp, because I can always see the reflection of it from my bed; it shines on the henhouse roof. That was about half-past nine; and he didn't get up till I called him at five. So he couldn't have been wandering about last night, and the dogs couldn't have been after him. No, there's been a stranger to my barn, and if he rode away on a horse, he brought the horse back before daylight. Or he might have sent it back by some one else. That would account for the dogs losing the scent."

"That's so," Pete agreed. "But why on earth should the fellow take the precaution to throw bloodhounds off the scent unless he was mixed up in the murder? And how could he have been mixed up in it, as his footprints don't go to the cottage, or to the river?"

"Men," cried the sheriff, smiting his brow, "I believe Clay City is up against one of the biggest mysteries that ever popped up in this county. But what are we to do? Benjamin Staggs has disappeared, and while it looks like he was murdered and thrown into the river, we can't be sure. There's no body to hold an inquest on, and no suspicious character to bring to trial. The bloodhounds have only complicated matters by suggesting that there's still a fourth party involved, and as to the third one—the one that made the footprint at the edge of the bushes, even if we had him, what could we accuse him of? We'd have to let him go."

"Maybe when Thurman Walsh comes back from the city," suggested some one, "he can tell us what he heard, if he heard anything——"

"I tell you," Donovan interposed impatiently, "Walsh was in bed the same as I was last night, and couldn't have heard any more than I heard——"

"Well," said Williams, abruptly, "maybe you've heard more than you've told! How do we know? Why did those dogs go to your house door and scratch on the door trying to get in before they ever came to the barn? They never came to my house door."

Donovan turned pale with anger. "What do you mean, Williams?" he demanded.

"Why, I'll tell you, and I'll tell you plain. It seems to me we are about to get mixed up in a big murder case. Now, me, living close to the spot where the killing was done, and the dogs coming to my back lot, tho they didn't stay there—well, it might put me in a bad light before a jury. I've got to look out for myself. I know I ain't done nothing, I know it's somebody else, who I don't know——"

"But you are going to have a woman in this!"

"You rascal," cried Donovan, "if for one instant you insinuate that I know anything——"

"Now, keep cool, Mr. Donovan," returned Williams, "for that's the way to make a good impression of being innocent. I'm going to keep cool, and you'd better keep cool, and not say things. All I mean to point out is that my living next to the old shack where the killing was done doesn't prove any more than the bloodhounds nosing about your side door. Of course, I'm innocent; I take for granted you are; it's merely appearances that I'm discussing."

"Gentlemen," the sheriff interposed, "this is all folly. Mr. Donovan, I imagine you've some use for your time, and nobody can pay any attention to Walt Awhile Williams unless he's got dead loads of time to throw over the fence to the hogs. Nobody's going to suspect Williams, unless he keeps up such talk as that."

"I'm going to look to my own interests," insisted Williams, doggedly. "I've got a wife and children, and must look to myself. I know what'll happen if there's a trial. They'll say, 'Oh, yes, that man named Williams, he lives right on the other side the grove from the place where the killing took place——'"

"Williams," cried Donovan, turning on his heel petulantly, "you are a fool!"

"Well, if I am," returned Williams, "it ain't nothing sudden, for I've felt no change in nature, and if I was born this way, I can't help it. A true word was said a while ago—that as soon as Thurman Walsh comes back from the city, he ought to be questioned close as to where he's been and as to what he's seen; for a man can go to bed and get up again without ringing a bell to tell it to the neighbors—tho I ain't saying that Mr. Donovan done that. Mr. Donovan has told us he don't know nothing—just as I claim. Now we must ask Thurman Walsh. If he's innocent, he'll be glad enough to say so, and no more bones about it."

"You're right for once," said the sheriff, "and I'll be at the train to meet Thurman when he comes in. It'll save time."

CHAPTER X.

IN THE meantime, while the search was being made on the Donovan farm, Mrs. Donovan and her daughter, as we have seen, in order to escape the confusion and the publicity, had driven to town. They stopped at a friend's, and, on being heartily invited to stay to the noontide meal, agreed readily enough. Having telephoned to the farm to inform Mr. Donovan of their purpose, they settled themselves comfortably for a visit, and after discussing for a time the disappearance of Benjamin Staggs, and the finding of blood stains on cottage step and cottage path, presently directed their minds to less sanguinary topics.

It was almost twelve o'clock when Mr. Donovan rode up on horseback. To the friend's insistence he replied that it would be impossible for him to take dinner there, as he was wanted up town. He explained that everything had been done that could be thought of, so far, at least, as could be accomplished until the arrival of Thurman Walsh. It was, of course, ridiculous to imagine that Thurman knew anything, but the sheriff wanted to make sure that he had not heard strange sounds which at the time he might have supposed produced by night birds or night insects.

While Mr. Donovan was saying these things, his wife, who understood his looks and manner thoroly, perceived that there was something very disturbing on his mind, and, in fact, as soon as he conveniently could, he managed to speak to her alone.

"I must eat down at the restaurant where some of the searchers are going to gather," he explained to the family friend, "but I want to speak to Mrs. Donovan first on a matter of—of business."

Mrs. Donovan went with him to the parlor, and Marie remained with Mrs. Teatenter, their hostess. As soon as he had closed the door, Mr. Donovan went close to his wife and spoke in a low and cautious voice:

"My dear, I don't like the look of things at all. I've told you what happened out on the farm. But there's more. It's something hard to put into words; it seems just hovering in the air. The fact is, it looked pretty bad when the dogs followed the scent to our house, and stopped in the barn."

"But," cried Mrs. Donovan, "at any rate it was a relief to have the man must have come to our place and prowled around. I think he might have had the intention of breaking in and murdering all of us, as did the poor old man."

"The trouble is——"

But she interposed eagerly:

"Maybe it got out that you are trying to borrow money, and maybe it was thought that there was bad luck in the house. That would have made the man want to get in. But he got scared off or something, and came to the barn to hide."

"My dear, listen to me; it seems certain that the man must have been on one of my horses and ridden off—that's why the dogs lost the trail. And people are saying that it was I that went to my house and rode off on my horse. And I believe one or two—maybe more—are ready to think that I had something to with it."

"You!"

"That's what I seem to feel thru my skin—that they're beginning to think—as they always do. I am the man."

"Mr. Donovan!" She stared at him aghast. "The villians, to suspect such a thing! Why, everybody knows we are above suspicion. We are known!"

"Yes—but at a time like this people are ready to jump at the first chance—nobody's safe from suspicion."

"Well—but that footprint, the tracks of the dogs—they didn't fit the path!"

"As soon as I looked at the footprint," said Donovan, slowly, "I saw that it was made by about the size of my boot. Of course, I haven't been measured by it; people haven't gone that far, dear. They don't have to know."

"But I can testify that you never left our room the whole night long."

"Dearest, you don't know how far the wife's testimony reaches—nowhere at all."

She stood staring at him with whitening face. "But—but——" Her eyes grew wide. "Nobody could think—not for one moment, that you——you——"

"We mustn't bother too much over this," her husband interrupted grimly. "I've got enough trouble with public—and besides, it occurred to me that this thing might reach you somehow. You see how it is. I'm under the public eye—why I'm going to eat at the restaurant—why I've left the farm. If there's to be any talking, I want it to be where I am; and nobody can say I'm off by myself up to some mysterious business."

When he rode away, he went straight to the restaurant, where some of the sheriff's posse were lounging about. From the interior a young man emerged with a brisk step. He was Taney, the

prosecuting attorney. He came to a halt.

"One moment, Mr. Donovan," he said, as the farmer slid to the ground. "I'd like a word with you."

"All right, come on," said Donovan, walking across the street to tie his horse. The other kept at his side.

"Mr. Donovan," the prosecuting attorney asked, "does a man work for you by the name of Jim Hanes?"

"Why yes, Jim's out at the farm at work now."

"I guess he came to town without telling you anything about it," the other remarked. "Anyway, he was talking to him at the hardware store about half an hour ago."

Donovan frowned. "I left him his work all cut out to do," he declared.

"Never mind that, just now; maybe he's gone back to work. But he was telling me about this morning; how you and Williams and this farmhand went to the Clay City cottage after clews; or rather, to find if the old man was there. I mean his body, as you'd all decided he'd been murdered. Well, Mr. Donovan, this, of course, is an awfully serious case for Clay City, and you must realize that if body there is missing he owes it to justice to produce it."

"Well," returned Donovan, sharply, "I suppose nobody'll dispute that."

"But, sir, according to this Jim Hanes, you have concealed an important clew."

"I have? That fellow dared to say I'm hiding evidence?"

"At least he said that you found a bit of blank paper—maybe with writing on it—in a hole under the floor of the rivver cottage."

"A bit of paper!" cried Donovan, with a shrug. "What sort of clew is an old scrap of white paper?"

"That would depend, possibly, on what was written on the paper."

"Well, I can assure you, Taney, there was nothing written on this old torn-up piece of paper that was of any importance to anybody. And besides, I'd like to know what my hand means by taking such things. I'll take 'em back. If he had anything to say about that paper, why didn't he speak up when the sheriff and all the rest were out at my farm?" And Donovan glared at the young man fiercely.

The prosecuting attorney was not to be ruffled or turned aside. "Mr. Donovan, he said that both he and Williams was good as naked when they found that scrap of paper when you found it, and that you put them off. When the sheriff was out there, he knew of anything about it, because when the dogs went to your door it didn't look any too well for you, and if he'd told about the find, he was afraid people might begin to think things. But after he was left out there alone, he got to thinking, and he felt it his duty to tell all he knew."

"Well, it seems he knew nothing, after all!" cried the farmer.

"Mr. Donovan, you know I am your friend. You must aide me. Already people are beginning to murmur about the way the dogs went to your place and couldn't be coaxed to leave it, and other trail. I've advise you to show me that paper without resistance; and I assure you it is the best thing for your family that it should seem to be produced of your own free will."

Donovan hesitated, scowling toward the restaurant where he saw several unfriendly faces watching him.

Taney, the attorney, urged, "Think of your wife and daughter."

Donovan thrust his hand into his pocket and, drew forth a crumpled bit of paper. "I had intended to destroy it," he said, clinching it tightly in his fist. "It is not a clew. There's no significance to be attached to it. The reason I withheld it from Williams and Jim Hanes is that I knew they would jump to wrong conclusions. Taney, the fact that this paper was found under the floor proves nothing, and has no connection with anything that interests us. That's why I am reluctant to hand it over—I shrank from what the men who are crazy to attach blame to somebody may make of the find, as you call it."

"Never mind that. It is your duty to produce that paper; and it is my duty, if the paper is worthless, to persuade the people that it is no account."

"I'll tell you what it is," said the farmer, still keeping it wadded up in a small ball. "It's a piece of an old envelope."

"With the address on it, I suppose?"

"Yes, the address is on. But I ask you, Taney, what of that? It might be one of your own envelopes, for all you know. Suppose when I show it to you, you read your own name on it; will you consider it a significant clew?"

"Certainly I should, tho it would not implicate me in the matter. But it would show that Jim Hanes had found one of my old envelopes, and had put it under the cabin floor, and I would at once try to find out who could have had access to my letters."

"Thurman Walsh."

"Clay City, sir."

"Missouri."

"Oh!" he remarked, "it's one of Thurman Walsh's old envelopes—and by the way, I've had a letter—here's the date receipt at the Clay City post-office—why, Thurman got this letter day before yesterday!"

"Yes; and I suppose when he was showing the envelope to the neighbors he dropped it on the floor, and later, the old man kicked it down into that hollow place under the planks in the corner."

"I wish," said the prosecuting attorney, thoughtfully, "that you had handed this right over to Jim Hanes and Williams as soon as you picked it up."

"So do I, as it stands now. But then, I was afraid they might jump to foolish suspicions—"

"Yes, I understand. Thurman Walsh is an intimate friend of the boards with you, and he is your landlord. Of course—perhaps I'd have done just as you did. But, as it is, it's my duty, in my opinion, if you'd handed this to the farmhand or to Williams as soon as you dug it out of the hollow, they'd have at once have glanced at it and thrown it out the window. But now the boys are looking for some clew to the body, and the scrap of evidence, that is, if there is ever a trial. Of course, if we never find the old man's body, and Mrs. Walsh, in spite of the blood stains, that he skipped out."

"Of course," Donovan eagerly agreed. "All that blood could have been from a pig or chicken or dog—the old man may have killed a hog, only making people think he was murdered."

"Yes, but what possible motive could he have had for killing a hog? There are specialists nowadays who can tell whether spilled blood is that of a man, woman, or child, or animal. Now, I'll carry this paper over to the boys—are you coming?"

"Yes, I'm going to eat my dinner at the restaurant. My conscience is perfectly clear, and I don't want to make an appearance of seeming to avoid anybody."

"You're right about that," Taney said. "I'll make him see quick enough why you held back the paper. Nobody'll blame you. But whether they'll begin to grow suspicious of you, or not, I can't say. You see, the fellows have to lay the blame on somebody. Anyhow, by the time you get evening train, maybe he can explain all about this bit of envelope."

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN it was learned that Donovan had concealed the fact of finding a bit of envelope under the floor of the supposedly murdered man, and that this envelope was postmarked only two days previous, bore the address of Thurman Walsh, there were dark looks and perplexed whisperings. It was well known that Walsh bore the address of accepted suitor of Marie Donovan, and while it might be that Donovan knew nothing of the letter's bore the address, it doubted that, did he know ever so much, he could not disclose it.

Thurman Walsh was too high in the community for any one to reach the dispassionate conclusion that he had had a hand in making away with old Benjamin Snaggs. Donovan had not lived so long at Clay City, or, rather, as a tenant on Clay City farm; and the fact of his not being an old settler, together with that of being a tenant, placed him far lower in popular estimation. It was reasoned that because the envelope bore Walsh's name, it did not prove that it had been dropped under the floor by Walsh. There might be many torn envelopes of Walsh lying about at the Donovan place, and it was easy to suppose that Donovan might have found this one in his boarder's room.

"Bill," said the friends of Donovan, "even if Donovan had carried this incriminating bit of paper to the cottage, having picked it up on the road, the earth should he have stowed it away under old Snagg's floor?"

"Maybe the farmer can tell us that—wait till his train comes," was the retort.

The evening train from the city arrived on time—but Thurman Walsh was not on it. At the livery stable it was learned that he had left word of a doubt that Thurman had expressed his intention of returning on this train. He could not now come until the next morning at nine o'clock. This delay reacted to Donovan's prejudice. The people were given longer time to speculate, and the longer they argued and discussed the matter, the more blameworthy it appeared that Donovan should have concealed the paper clew.

After the train had come without Thurman Walsh, Taney hastily returned to the farm. Mr. Donovan was so depressed that he was unable to maintain his usual appearance of indifference, and it was not long before his daughter detected something wrong. In answer to her inquiries the father would not, or he was ill, he soon threw aside all reserve.

"I have told your mother," he said, "but I hoped to keep this trouble from you. However, it's impossible, and I feel so miserably sick that I will be a positive relief to my feelings to talk it over."

"You mean about the disappearance of that old man, and about the blood-stains? But father, it seems to me we have had some news other than the whole day long."

Mr. Donovan found himself unable to speak, and he longed to say and his wife interposed.

"Dear Marie, your father means that some wicked people have dared to connect him with the mystery."

"Connect him with it! But how do you mean, mother? How could he be connected with something he knows nothing about?"

Mr. Donovan rapidly told about finding the bit of paper and about concealing it. At first he hesitated to tell that the name nearly torn from the torn envelope, and Marie did not suspect. She cried, indignantly:

"But, father, you and I know that you never left this house last night, and couldn't have had a thing to do with the disappearance of that horrible old creature."

"Very true—but we are just as sure that Thurman Walsh never left the house; yet it was Thurman Walsh's address that I saw on that paper!"

Marie turned deadly pale, but said nothing.

Mr. Donovan wrung his hands, for the first time giving way to the agony of being wrongly suspected. "My life is ruined!" he declared, striding up and down the room. "In my opinion there has been no murder, but if I doubt if old Snaggs will ever be found, and people will always suspect—you see, it's something that can't be absolutely disproved. Marie, can't you talk to that stupid husband of yours? Can't you make him believe that I stayed in the house every moment of last night, it would go for nothing."

"Why?" cried Marie, indignant for her cherished husband. "Why, I am sure I am the one person who can testify that—I am your father. The people would naturally expect you to misrepresent facts, if that would help me. They wouldn't blame you for trying to defend me; in fact, they would blame you if you didn't do all in your power to prove me innocent, even to false representations."

"It is true I am your daughter," cried Marie passionately, "and I love Thurman Walsh's betrothed. And yet I will swear on the witness stand, if necessary, that you never left your house last night—and that he did."

"He did?" gasped Donovan, bewildered, staring at her as if he could not comprehend. "Who? What do you mean? What are you saying?"

Marie rose suddenly and violently, but her eyes were unwavering as she said with tightly locked hands:

"I mean that I was wakeful and sat at my window until—"

"Listen," her mother interrupted in sudden alarm. "What sounds are those in the yard?"

"I hear horses," muttered Donovan, still bewildered by what he had heard.

"Hush!" Marie said, and, as from a trance. He said to Marie, hastily:

"Wait until this person has gone, then tell me everything you know about last night. It may clear me of honor."

There was another knock, louder and more impatient. Donovan stepped to the door and opened it.

"Come in," he said, wondering.

Into the room came Pete Karney, the sheriff; Taney, the prosecuting attorney, and five other men whom Donovan instantly recognized as among his best friends. Without the least pause or greeting, the sheriff spoke:

"Mr. Donovan, it's no time to mince words. There's not a man in this bunch that believes you know a thing about what took place last night. But the town is very much excited over it. Having nobody else to suspect, they've fallen afoul of you. What a pity that Thurman Walsh didn't come back from the city! Maybe he could have made matters clearer."

"I don't understand——"

"Well, sir, the boys are on a rampage and there's no denying it. They intend to come out here and have you out of the house."

Mrs. Donovan turned pale and Marie's eyes flashed indignantly.

"There's no telling what the mob might take into its head to do in such a condition. Now, we want to protect you, and the only way we know how to do it is to get you behind locked bars. There's no warrant for your arrest, you understand; we simply want you to spend the night in—the jail—there with me, you understand, where nobody can get you."

"Why, you are acting as my friends," said Donovan, decisively, "but I cannot consent. I am innocent——"

"We believe it," said several voices.

"Thank you—and the place for an innocent man is not in the county jail."

"But consider that if they do break loose—"

"You are an officer of the law," returned Donovan, "Swear in three men, and defend me."

"Of course," the sheriff returned, "we'll do what we can. But these fellows are not going to fight their own kith and kin."

The prosecuting attorney added his persuasions to that of the sheriff, but Donovan was obdurate. Mrs. Donovan was confident that he would be much better go with the men for protection—go anywhere, even it he must be the jail.

"No," said Donovan, stoutly, "I'm innocent and I mean to stay on the outside of prison. At present every state of the community, I imagine it would be safer for me to go into a cell than to get out again. Anyhow, I mean to stay out."

It was too overcome by the suddenness of what had occurred and what threatened in the immediate future to be able to advise or to give a rabbit fut, however, if her entreaties could have changed her father's purpose. He was determined not to go.

"It's the only way we can help you," cried a friend.

"Yes, and another, "and we've lost precious time already; for if I am not much mistaken, we didn't leave town far ahead of the mob."

Taney and Pete Karney sought other arguments, and ten or fifteen minutes were wasted in a babel of voices and discussion. Suddenly one of them who stood at the open door exclaimed, "Listen! The mob is coming! After a very brief pause. "They're coming!"

Mrs. Donovan screamed and clung to her husband.

"My dear," he assured her, "my conscience is clear. We have nothing to hide or to be ashamed of, and there'll be us no harm."

"I wish I was sure of that," growled the sheriff. "Come, boys, let's get on our horses and be ready to do what we can."

They hurried outdoors, followed by Donovan.

"You get back in the house," Taney warned Donovan.

"No," said the farmer, "I'm a free man, and I'll come out in the yard or go into the house exactly when I please. If there's to be a scrimmage, I want my part in it."

The sheriff and his companions leaped to their saddles, while the farmer stood with them a loss in front of the door. He was unarmed.

From the direction of town came a strange confusion, which soon developed into a frightful din of drunken cries and

A DETERMINED WOMAN

Finally Found a Food that Helped Her.

"When I first read of the remarkable effects of Grape-Nuts food, I determined to secure some," says a Kansas woman.

"At that time there was none kept in this town, but my husband ordered some from a Chicago grocer.

"I had been grently afflicted with sudden attacks of cramps, nausea, and vomiting. Tried all sorts of remedies and physicians, but obtained only temporary relief. As soon as I began to use Grape-Nuts the cramps disappeared and have never returned.

"My old attacks of sick stomach were a little slower to yield, but by continuing the food that trouble has disappeared entirely. I am now perfectly well, can eat anything and everything I wish, without paying the penalty that I used to. Why would not keep house without Grape-Nuts.

"My husband was so delighted with the benefits I received that he had been recommending Grape-Nuts to his customers and has built up a very large trade on the food. He still does so many of the leading physicians of the county, who recommend Grape-Nuts very generally. There is some satisfaction in using a really scientifically prepared food."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET

A Well Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home Made Mixture.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the natural shade. This will make a gray haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humors and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

savage screams. Mrs. Donovan, unable to persuade her husband to come inside and bar the door, rushed frantically to his side, but he refused such protection as her embrace might have given.

"Marie, take your mother in the house," he said sternly. "I've lived in this community for years, an upright man that always paid his debts as best he could. And I intend to meet my fellow man face to face."

CHAPTER XII.

THE drunken shouts quickly drew nearer, and the pounding of horses' hoofs on the country road sounded like the approach of a small army. Mrs. Donovan, terrified rather for her husband than for herself, nevertheless obeyed his wish and ran to the house. Soon the mob gained the farmyard.

The sheriff and his posse threw themselves in the path of the advancing storm, but it was of no avail. The men were partially crazed with drink and with suggestions of lynching and fire to avenge the murder of a man they had never seen, and whose death they were ready to charge to the sole evidence of blood stains, made of them less men than beasts.

Seeing Donovan standing his ground in front of his door, they rushed thither, sweeping aside Taney, Pete Karney, and such allies as Donovan's pistols and fists had time to stay their progress.

"There he is—there he is!"

"Yes, you old villain—hiding clews and pretending you don't know anything."

"Get a rope, boys, that'll make him speak out."

"Here you—"

"Here's another—I thought we'd need a little hemp!"

Donovan, with folded arms, said nothing, for indeed the tumult was so great he could not have been heard had he attempted to make a statement.

"Hold on, boys," shouted the sheriff, springing directly in front of Donovan. "Let's be fair play."

"Get out, Karney; we don't want to hurt you," they cried. "This isn't your funeral. If you're innocent you've nobody can blame you for saving your skin."

"At any rate," shouted Karney, "give him a chance to say something."

The appeal met with instant response. It was unreasonable not to find lodgment even in their infuriated minds.

"That's right," cried one. "Let him say his say."

The leader cried defensively: "We never intended nothing else. Of course we'll let him talk. More than that, we 'low to make him talk. Now, Donovan, speak up and speak mighty quick, for the boys are in a hurry. What do you know about the murder?"

"Not one thing," Donovan declared stoutly.

The mob hooted derisively. One of them asked:

"Where were you last night?"

"I was in that house," said Donovan, pointing to the building in the rear, "if I can prove by my family that I never left the house until this morning."

"I guess you didn't find that piece of envelope under the cabin floor!"

"Certainly, I found it."

"And I guess you didn't try to hide what was written on it."

"And suppose he did?" shouted the sheriff. "Nothing about him was written on that scrap of paper."

"Then why did he want to hide it?" roared the leader of the mob. "Come, come, Donovan, we mean to know where you were last night, and it'll be better for you if you answer right off the bat."

"I went to bed a few minutes after nine o'clock," Donovan declared, "and I didn't get up till a little before five this morning."

Mrs. Donovan's agitated voice called from the open window, "I'll take my oath to the truth of those words."

"We don't want any women mixed up in this," said a drunken man, in great disgust. "Let's find out the way where his wife can't put him up to nothing."

"But you're going to have a woman in this," cried Marie, suddenly emerging from the door and stepping swiftly to her father's side. She faced them with blazing eyes, and the picture of her wrath and that of her beauty for a moment compelled silence. She took advantage of it to add swiftly:

"I know something about last night that nobody here but myself knows. I haven't told it because I was afraid it would make people think what couldn't be true. But now that my father is in danger from you great cowards, I'll tell it."

"That won't go with us," cried the leader of the mob, angrily. "Go on back in the house. This is no place for women."

"It is a place for me," returned Marie, undaunted, "for I intend to speak up and save my father, who is as innocent as I am. And I can prove it. Last night—"

"Miss Marie," the sheriff interposed uneasily, "I don't know what kind of a statement you are going to make, but if I were you—"

"My statement is going to be the truth of what I saw."

"You saw!" ejaculated several voices.

It was not to be doubted that the brave attitude of Marie, possibly more than the charm of her face and figure, had sobered some of the crowd, and had, at least for the moment, had a good effect on all.

"But, my dear," gasped her father, "what are you going to say?" You can know nothing of what happened, and I insist on your going back at once to your mother. I can take care of myself, and if my father had gone up or down the hill between here and the river, I'd have seen him—I couldn't have helped see him."

There was strained silence; then somebody laughed mockingly.

"Young lady," said the leader of the mob, "if you expect us to believe this sort of negative evidence, all we've got to say is that we're sorry we found you haven't try to stop us any longer."

"Yes," added another, impatiently starting forward; "it's a great pity you didn't see something to tell about, if you sat there all night."

"But I did see something."

"Well, what was it? Quick—we've wasted too much time already."

"I saw a man coming up from the river," Marie said slowly.

"You'll have to name him if you expect to stop us in tonight's work."

"I shall name him."

The mob paused. There was a breathless hush, for Marie's manner struck sudden conviction to most of them—she was not merely pretending to proceed, and did so by so great an effort.

"His name!" growled the mob's leader. "Who was he?"

Marie's voice was still clear, but no longer loud: "Jonathan Allan."

After the utterance of that name, there was profound silence in the yard. The men stared at Marie, but nothing was to be heard but the stamping of the horses, and, from the nearby ponds, the trilling of frogs.

Marie waited a few moments, then added distinctly: "The man to whom I am engaged—to whom I was married short time—who is as innocent as my father—as innocent as myself. But that is the man I saw coming up the hill."

After another pause, the leader of the mob asked: "coming from the direction of the river cottage?"

"Yes."

"Did he walk as if something unusual was in the air?"

Marie was silent.

"I say, did he see anything unusual in the way he walked—as if he was trying to keep anybody from seeing or hearing him?"

"I have told you whom I saw," said Marie. "That's enough."

"Men," said the leader, turning to the crowd, "I think it's enough, myself. We're on the wrong trail. Let's go back to town. There's many enough from the way she talks that something out of the common was on hand. We'll get it out of Hollis's people or Allan in the morning."

The suggestion that they return to town met with instant approval, suggesting to most minds a renewal of the drinking bout. Suspicions had veered from Donovan to Thomas Walsh, but the change in mental attitude had been so swift that the rage felt against Donovan had not been transferred to the young man. That would come later when they had time to readjust their ideas. In a brief space of time the Donovan family were left alone on the farm.

This highly interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the coming months. Send in your subscriptions now and you will find yourself repaid ten times over.

* * *

WHY SHE LEFT HOME.

"If I hadn't got out of that house of mine," declared Mrs. Flickers, as she drew off her gloves and sat down at the luncheon table, "I should have lost my mind completely. For a little, little, peaceful haven of rest commend me to the modern home!"

"Did the pipes burst?" inquired the other woman.

"Pipes!" scornfully echoed the flurried lady. "Is that you've no idea of a domestic catastrophe? When I awoke the sun was shining and the canary bird was warbling and I felt so gracious and lovely—the way Queen Louise of Prussia looks in that picture, you know—and then all knocked over in a heap of birdseed and scattered it on the bathroom floor. While I was engaged in the pleasant pastime of picking it up one of the tubs with a whisk broom I was called to the phone.

"It was the dressmaker putting off a fitting for a dress I simply had to have. Her brother-in-law's cousin's wife had died and she had to go to the funeral. Hanging up the receiver with a sunny smile upon my speaking countenance, I found the second girl waiting for me. Did I want to buy a new ice book and should Samuel cut the grass again or was it too late in the season?

"I descended to talk with Samuel in the kitchen and the front doorbell rang. It was the electrician arriving to see what was wrong with the bells and I had to hunt the key to the fruit cupboard in the basement, where the batteries chance to be placed. He knocked down and broke three jars of jam, so I suppose I shouldn't complain—only the juice spattered my light taller suit shirt.

"While I was mopping it off, the doorbell rang again and I was summoned to see the laundryman, who said he didn't see how it could have happened, but in some way our package of laundry had not been put on the wagon and would it make any difference if it didn't come till tomorrow? All the dress shirts in the family were in that package and we are going out tonight, so I said he'd simply have to make a special trip.

"The laundryman grumbled muttering things about the cruelty and unfeelingness of heartless women, who didn't care whether a refined man had a ball game or not, blast him, and what was a shirt? Why wouldn't an everyday shirt do, he'd like to know? This errand was going to the dogs, it was, when a bloated bondholder had to have special trips for a special shirt.

"At this the sewing woman called down that she couldn't do one thing more and had had a spool of A silk, dark maroon, and a yard of percaline, so I threw on my things and dashed down to the dry goods store around the corner. When I got home there was word to call up a phone number, which I did, after being told by several persons over the 'phone to 'wire.' Just a minute, please!

"While I waited, receiver glued on ear, I could plainly smell the pudding for dinner burning in the kitchen. I shrieked for the maid and just as some one said 'Hello!' in my ear over the phone both the sewing woman and the maid responded to my cry and kept shouting, 'What is it? What is it you want?' The party on the phone began to demand that I retain those papers—and then insisted on apologizing and telling the story of his life when he was convinced by my expostulations that he had the wrong party.

"Then I got into a big apron and gloves and began hoeing out a clothes closet, when I heard the bell ring again. The maid reported it was a lady asking for me by name and who said she was Miss Laura Flickers, Flickers being my last name. No, admitted the maid, her countenance was not familiar.

"I sighed. Some of my husband's long lost relatives, I presumed. Well, in these hard times it never would do to offend an unknown relative, who might be a millionaire in disguise, so I peeled off my gloves and apron, tidied my hair and powdered over the dust on my nose and gracefully descended.

"A ladylike person greeted me and then, seating herself, bent upon me a searching, soulful gaze, but said nothing. 'Ah,' I thought, uncomfortably, 'husband's relative will be a little queer mentally.' Then she spoke. She said she had a little errand of interest and she hoped I had not already purchased one of those extraordinarily cheap sets of Dickens, bound in half calf and at such a small sum a month that no family could afford to be without it.

"I assured her that with present finances my family would have to grit its teeth and bear the deprivation. And then I just fell into my things to make this appointment with you. As I dashed out the front door I heard the ring of the telephone and that the bell rang and somebody called me from upstairs—but my nervous system wouldn't stand any more. Come on, ladies, and to a shoe factory, where I can get a little rest and quiet.'

"Fib, fudge!" said the other woman. "What you need to see is some real trouble. Come, see us get my No. 6 feet fitted to a pair of No. 4's sheet-iron and

* * *

Only Half-Sick.

Familiar figures in Louisville are two men who are rarely seen together and who by their contrasting sizes are conspicuous as they walk along the street. One is a tall man and the biggest man in this locality and the other, well below medium size, scarcely even smaller when accompanied by his friend.

They are inseparable, and friends say that this advantage in their close companionship to make one another the butts of various jokes. Sometimes it is the little one that suffers, more often the laugh is at the expense of the giant.

The big man is not always as healthy as his massive appearance. In fact, he often complains of the way he is feeling, and his small companion takes him to task for it. Such was the case the other day within hearing of a crowd on a street corner.

They met there and the little fellow asked:

"Well, how are you feeling today?"

"I'm still half sick," was the reply.

"Go on, man," cried the little fellow, who could see nothing wrong with his friend. "Even if you're half sick, there's more of you well right now than there is of me."

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The Ghosts of Tara's Hall

Or, A Haunted Inheritance

By Thomas Kennedy and Robert J. Casey

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE MUSIC OF MILETUS

TERRIBLY frightened myself, half-certain that all the old legends of the house were very true, I felt I must be calm for the sake of the girl beside me.

"Who told you that nonsense, Ruth," I demanded, in a tone intended to be firm, but which ended with shame.

"Shiela told me—and it isn't nonsense," Ruth cried hysterically. "You know it is true yourself. Who could doubt after that fearful ghost fire, that this house is haunted—cursed."

"Probably it is Shiela at the piano," I insisted, altho I knew no piano, nothing but an Irish harp could give such tones. "There must be some natural explanation."

"And the fire," she answered, "perhaps you think of some natural explanation for that."

Before I could answer, the ringing tones of the harp sounded thru the house again. The sound came from the upper floor of the abandoned west wing.

This time I did not stop to reason. The terrible harmony was vibrating thru my very bones, and shaking me like a leaf. Every fiber of my being rebelled in the face of Ruth, the unspeakableness of the situation, forced me to do something. Motion was impossible.

In a last mighty effort, I shook off the terror which was gripping me with hands of steel, I turned, and started, running, toward the stairway, my automatic in my hand.

"Don't go! don't leave me!" came a despairing wail from the girl.

"I cannot stay here and listen to that sound," I replied, half staring. "I must find out what this means."

"Then I am going with you," she cried running to me.

"Go back," I commanded: "it is dangerous."

"No, if you are going into danger, I will go with you," she asserted—and she did.

Together we ran up the wide stairway. The music seemed to rise in volume and changed to a wailing dirge as we went to the head of the stairs we paused to gather courage. Then, hand in hand, we crept along the hallway, and turned the corner into the tomb-like blackness of the west wing.

Above the surge of the music, I imagined I heard the beating of her heart and my own. A dozen times we paused, tempted to fly, but every time courage came to each in the clasp of the other's hand, and we went on. Finally we paused before a door. It was from this room that the sound of the music came. I tried the latch, but it was locked. There was but one thing to do. I placed the muzzle against the lock and fired. At the first shot, the harp became silent, but it was not until the third that the lock gave way. I forced the door open, and we stood for a moment, spellbound at what we saw.

In the center of the room, stood a table of black teakwood, carved with Druid characters whose meaning was forgotten a thousand years ago. On the table stood the harp. It was wonderful in its beauty, made of some white wood, but ebonied with age, and polished by the use of many hands. Its trimmings were of silver, as white and shining as the not a day, instead of centuries, had passed since it left the loving hands of its maker.

A dying fire smoldered on the hearth. A single gem jet directly over the table threw a mystic light about the harp. As we watched, the gas grew dim. I sprang hastily to the mantel to snatch the precious thing from the table. It refused to move. While I struggled to lift it, the gaslight went out.

It did not, as on the former occasion, throw me into a panic. Too many things had happened since that time. Too many more mysterious events had gone unexplained. I turned to the grate, and fanned the smoldering fire to a blaze. By this weird, flickering light, I again turned to the harp.

Throwing all my weight against it, I gave a mighty heave, and with a rending sound, the golden thing was torn away from the table. As I tore it free, I saw, in a box-like cavity beneath its base, rolls of parchment. I was not scientist enough to understand just how it worked, but I did see that it was some electrical device which had produced the music we had heard. I gave a great sigh of relief, and turned triumphantly to Grantland. She stood staring stupidly at the fire, looking as tho she were again about to faint. I laughed aloud in my relief.

"Look, Ruth, dear," I cried, "electricity! No ghosts, but a human being made this music."

Some of my exultation infected her, and she walked toward me. Then suddenly she looked at the mysterious contrivance.

"Then—its wasn't ghosts after all," she said with relief.

"No, it was part of a plan. If Tara's Hall is haunted, it is by human beings planning of the reason for that curse."

I looked about the room, to discover, if possible, other traces of the hand which dealt in mysteries. Then I made a discovery.

One of the bullets from my gun had gone thru the window. There were two panes of glass, thick and close together. The shot had passed thru the first, but the haze of the pane. From the tiny hole, a silvery stream was trickling down to the window-sill. It was quicksilver. At once then that I guessed for the first time at the solution.

We were close to the heart of the mystery—too close for safety, I feared. Before venturing to the fire, I walked carefully screened the fire, plunging the room into darkness. If some conspirators were lurking in the surrounding dark us to come out of the room, I determined to give him no light by which to send a shot our way.

Then, together, bearing the harp of the Taras with us, we went carefully out into the hallway. Nothing had moved, but as we emerged from the door we saw a light streaming from a transom down the hall.

We went hurriedly toward it and opened the door. A fresh surprise awaited us. We found ourselves in a white-tiled laboratory, lined with glass shelves and slate-topped tables. It was to the last degree complete workshop for a chemist or a doctor.

On the floor, writhing and moaning in agony, lay Shiela. We bent over her. The woman was Shiela.

CHAPTER XV.

A HAUNTED SOUL.

WE LIFTED the woman to an enameled cot in the corner, then made a hasty search for first-aid remedies. I attempted to force a few drops of brandy down her throat, but in the midst of the operation she opened her eyes, smiled at me, and pushed the spoon away.

"Third bottle from right, top shelf," she directed mechanically.

Remembering her quick efficiency in the case of the poisoned Dennis Egan, I did not hesitate. Following her words, I found the bottle and measured a dose in a small beaker. The laboratory's nearest approach to a tumbler. She drank the medicine, and almost immediately seemed to rest easily.

"One of us had better go for a doctor," I said to the girl. "I wouldn't think of allowing you to risk your life in the storm, which leaves me as the only choice. I'll try and get a connection from Blackford's place."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said a weak voice behind me, and I turned to see Shiela raised up off the cot on her elbow, looking at me.

"A doctor would be of no use in this case," she stated grimly. "It's a complication of diseases aided by poison. I'm about to go out, and I know it."

"Come over here, both of you! I have a great many things to say, and I'd better begin to say them. At best I can count on only a few minutes."

Then followed the strangest romance that ever was narrated outside of a novel. When it had ended, the ghosts of Tara's Hall were laid forever.

Shiela was born in London. There she grew to womanhood, and learned, to her bitter sorrow, of her parentage. She was contained in her very feminine and undeniably attractive body had been designed by a provident nature as the motive power in an essentially unfeminine and totally unscrupulous man.

The strange woman realized her power, and resolved to make use of it. She studied surgery, not as university students study it, but in the oppressive silence of her attic-room, in her leisure moments, as she slaved in an office for the meager wage that went to pay for her food and clothing and books.

She succeeded, as such characters are bound to succeed. She graduated away with her the honors of the examinations that admitted her to practice. She was swept into the maelstrom with the use of a new and daring trepanning operation that saved the life of a leading Paris banker.

Being a woman in body, if not in soul and ambition, she fell in love. From that path she backed back in fear.

One day her fiance, a broker of independent means, tumbled from a skittish horse, struck his head on the curb, and a fractured skull. Only one surgeon in the British realm seemed competent to take the case—and that was Shiela.

Her hand had lost none of its cunning, the day she was called upon to save the life of the man she loved. She did not appear a whit more nervous. But when the daring work of trepanning was half completed, the famous operation fainted dead away. When she was revived she would not listen to substituting another, and a very bad substitute, completed the operation, leaving the patient alive, but a helpless imbecile, and ruining forever the career of the woman who loved him.

Shiela's practice fell away to nothing after that. The partner of the man she had loved proceeded with promptness and thoroughness to ruin his estate. When the poor half-wit was penniless, and the authorities were speaking of asylums, the woman who took him in, and divided with him her fast-dwindling income. Thus Dennis Egan came into her life and into the affairs of Tara's Hall.

One day, when starvation threatened to end the doctor's career, she first thought of Sheamus Tara, a cousin, and appealed to him for aid. He took her in as a sort of unofficial physician and, at her request, gave old Dennis a home. The pair traveled with him wherever he went, and were well paid for their services.

As time went on, Shiela's affection for old Dennis disappeared, and in its place a doglike servility and his total dependence upon her, but she saw a possibility for the future in the use of her subtle time, so she countenanced him.

Some 15 years before the death of Sheamus Tara she had fought against the straints of a life in his service. She was no longer a wonderful surgeon, she did not know whether she could perform even a minor operation. She was a servant, less than the cooks and maids who were always coming and going.

She called Sheamus for money enough to continue research work in toxicology—a branch of medicine which had been her hobby in the days of her success. Sheamus, paradoxical as usual, chose to be generous.

A laboratory was fitted up in the west wing, and for years Shiela prosecuted her search for a mineral poison similar in its action to the ptomaines. When success seemed least likely, there arrived in the city Woo Mong, a Chinese physician of note. His work in the central provinces of his native country, where subtle poisons are sometimes a governmental necessity, had made him famous. Shiela, who remembered him as

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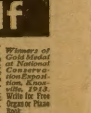

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the most remarkable feature of her trip thru the Far East, schemed to obtain his aid.

With his characteristic knowledge of all that went on about him, Sheamus learned of the plan, and refused to render further financial assistance. Shiela's plea that her work of years might be upset, that her hope for rehabilitation before her profession might be lost forever by his obstinacy, failed to move him.

"I will never give my money or my consent to help a heathen Chinese study more deviltry than that he is born with," he said finally. "You are a free agent and you can act as you please, but if you make a partnership with this Woo person you will have to leave my house."

Instantly Shiela forgot that he was her benefactor, that he had picked her up when her failure condemned her before the eyes of the world, when starvation threatened to follow upon the heels of disgrace. That was the man's soul in her. She saw things as a man might see them, were he sufficiently unscrupulous. The past mattered nothing. The present did. Sheamus was an obstacle to the attainment of her ambitions. Therefore he must be removed.

She appeared to accede to the old man's desires—then began to prey upon him thru the natural superstitions of his race.

One day while exploring the basements and subbasements of the Hall she came upon the harp of Tara. Its dust-begrimed and unstrung, among the motley wreck of what had once been legal documents, in a long-forgotten vault. She had heard the legend. It was the common property of the neighborn, what few there were left. She knew instinctively that here was a means at hand for furthering her attack upon my uncle's mental equilibrium.

She did not act too quickly, however. She realized that in perfection alone would her scheme succeed. Details of amazing ingenuity were worked out only to be discarded for something better adapted to the psychological problems involved. She complained that the windows thruout the building were in poor repair. To make her charge appear more truthful, she took great pains to draw all the shades from about the frames, and to scrape the ancient putty away from the glasses.

As was his custom in such matters, Sheamus did not take the trouble to investigate. He empowered her to see about the necessary repairs, then returned to his books and his piano in ignorance of what the changes meant to him.

Shiela went to a sash factory and ordered a complete equipment of double-thickness sashes so constructed that two panes of glass, half an inch apart, might be set in place and hermetically sealed. She explained the odd construction with a story of a new cure for tuberculosis—a cure that required filtered sunlight. The old Hall looked enough like a sanitarium to satisfy the men who came to make the repairs, and they did not stop to question the truth of her assertions.

With the house already wired for electric lights, she had little trouble extending connections to the newly installed windows. She was careful, tediously careful. The setting of her plan was seven months in the making, but what it lacked in speed in construction was amply compensated in efficiency of operation. As a last step she dragged the heavy air pump from her laboratory, floor by floor, to every room in the building, tapping each window, extracting the air, and leaving an inch of mercury in the space between the glasses. The wooden sash came up far enough over the glass to hide the mercury. She had made provision for that—and no one would have suspected, even upon close scrutiny, that each window had been converted into a mercury vapor lamp.

The question of power—it had to be enormously high to operate the odd-ly constructed lamps—she settled with her customary lack of scrupulous. An electrician brought from the city, tapped the power cable of the Interurban and carried it to the Hall via an underground conduit. He worked only at night, and was shielded from observation by the pine grove. Not even the Interurban inspectors suspected the robbery of their current.

In a similar manner, spring gaslocks were installed to replace the fixtures that had lighted the building since that the Taras caught up with civilization and installed an acetylene plant in the marshland mansion. When lighted the flow of gas kept them open. Shiela had only to check the supply from the main, and the springs shut them off with silent dispatch.

Skillfully she set up the harp, and arranged a series of wires connecting beneath to play it. She was unable to find room for more than a few chords, but she thought, quite logically, that no more would be needed.

Then, one night, she turned on the mercury lights, started the harp, and cut off the old man's escape by plugging the lock of the front door. The next day he was half-demented, but his mania took an unlooked-for turn. He became abnormally suspicious, so much so that he broke one of the windows with his cane to find where the fire had gone. That night, Shiela, afraid to take further chances, poured the contents of a typhoid culture into his drinking water. He died two weeks later. And Shiela profited nothing.

The play upon the superstition thru which she had hoped to make the old man her victim proved to be a misunderstanding. In Sheamus Tara's will was found the unexpected clause commanding the heir to rid the old mansion of its evil reputation, and leaving the estate to one, Patrick Tara, a person of whom Shiela had heard but vaguely.

Defeat, however, did not necessarily mean disaster. The apparatus for ghost-making was still in its place. She and old Dennis could not be driven out under the terms of the will, and the next in line for the inheritance, despite the claims of Ruth Grantland. She learned that Ruth had engaged into the field by a firm of unprincipled lawyers, but she counted upon little opposition from that source. She felt that no legal action could succeed in breaking the will which left the property to me. She felt sure that upon my refusal to comply with the terms of the legacy—or in event of my untimely death—she would have little trouble in proving herself the next of kin.

When I took possession, Blackford moved to the schoolhouse, and Shiela redoubled her caution. Not once did I suspected the new neighbor at first: very likely I had forgotten her. I impressed me later—probably harmonic but difficult to catalog.

The locked doors had been broken into several times, and she bought and installed a new set of bolts and bars on all the lower floor doors. She knew I kept growing that some of these nameless intruders might discover the secrets of the house before she had a chance to do away with me.

Therefore she wasted no time in preparing for my arrival. She brought Woo Mong and his assistant to the house and sheltered them behind the locked doors of the storeroom in the kitchen. A repetition of the typhoid she dared not risk. Some new disease would be necessary. I permitted it reasoning. To meet such a contingency she and her poison-makers worked night and day.

Shortly before the arrival she tore out the little car in a dumb-waiter that rose to the unused ballroom on the top floor. Over the shaft she built the room in which she decided I should sleep, she easily arranged a secret entrance to the room. Blackford's placed inside gave her access to my apartment should necessity arise.

The rest of the work the house came trouble. One of the Chinese assistants, experimenting with a culture tube, was careless. Shiela struck the culture from his hand, cutting him to the bone and inoculating him with the germs of a malignant blood disease. Quite promptly Shiela met the crisis by amputating the hand with a butcher knife—the nearest implement to hand—and by treatment in her immediate possession. When the patient had objected she had knocked him into unconsciousness with an iron ring stand.

Most of her agitation during my stay in the house was simulated, designed to heighten the effect of the stage mechanics to follow—but it was not all assumed. I was a dangerous factor in an unknown quantity, and attempts upon the first floor windows went on in spite of her increased vigilance.

The Chinaman's hand was put to use the first night of my regime as master of Tara's Hall. Shiela acted as agent. How nearly Shiela came to accomplishing her purpose by that one trick she was prevented from knowing by the arrival of the girl.

She did not wish Ruth in the house for obvious reasons. It was difficult enough to maintain the secrecy so essential to the plan with only one person to delude. Two made it doubly so. She resolved to wait long enough to allow the girl to leave the house, but for the third time her plans went awry. There was an accident in the laboratory, and another dangerous culture went free. She was forced to sterilize the room and burn all the cloths that had been in use there. The kitchen fire had gone out. The broad grate of the living-room offered the best opportunity with the least danger to the occupants of the rear of the house. She acted immediately I hag gone to bed.

Ruth heard her as she passed down the corridor, and, suspecting that some-

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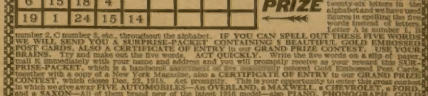

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thing was wrong, darted out to watch. She listened at my door. Then I suddenly leaped out and grasped her arm. She pushed back to her room. Shiela, herself unseen, had witnessed the whole occurrence from a bend in the stairs. She had barely succeeded in ridding herself of her disease-laden burden, when I appeared on the balcony.

The persistence with which I invaded the west wing drove Shiela to desperation. She left the door to the unfinished staircase open, not so much to lure me to death—she had no hope for such an easy solution of her difficulties—but to teach me a lesson in the dangers of that part of the house. One day she thought Ruth had followed her into the corridor —that was the day Ruth warned me. From that time on my quick death seemed to offer her the only way out.

My finding of the Chinese who had poisoned the food, intending it for me; my suspicion when old Dennis had been suddenly seized, precipitated the crisis. She had been given no opportunity to warn the old man. Now that his illness had upset all her plans she had no choice but to stake her all upon her final play.

To her credit be it said that she hesitated to commit another cold-blooded murder. Only that hesitation saved me. She decided to make another trial of the mercury lights and the harp. The harp was her climax. If that failed to drive me away—then there was still the poison. She had failed—she realized she had failed—when I proved practical enough to dissect the harp.

The poison stood in a little brown bottle quite close to her hand.

* * * * *

"I feared Blackford," she told us, as she brought her astounding confession to a calm close. "I knew he was clever. I believe he's either a fugitive from justice or a counterfeiter. It has been my belief that he deserted his ship and is trying to get an opportunity to blackmail me. Precious little blackmail—he —will—get—now."

Those were the last words ever spoken by Shiela O'Toole.

The knocker sounded. Somehow the terrible booming seemed less ghastly, less like the warning of doom, than now it echoed thru corridors silent in the atmosphere of death. I closed the eyes of the woman who had tried to murder me. Then I led the shaking Ruth to the corridor. I went down to answer the door.

It was Blackford. I stood for a moment undecided whether to let him in or bar the way. I was glad I decided. He suddenly seemed very little like the ineffectual gentleman who had introduced himself to me only a few short days ago. He pushed his shoulder into the opening and threw the door open rather roughly.

"You're impertinent," I told him angrily.

He had the audacity to grin.

"I'm here in the name of the law this time," he rejoined pleasantly enough. "I can't stand on my authority. I have a warrant for the arrest of Shiela O'Toole for the murder of Sheamus Tara."

"That case," I reminded him at all surprised by his revelation, "you are too late. And I let the way up the winding stairs to the laboratory in the west wing.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW DAY DAWNS.

BLACKFORD looked down without emotion at what had been Shiela O'Toole.

"I was afraid something like this would happen," he said, as he turned and led the way down to the library.

"I knew she was prepared for a desperate expedient if things went wrong. I have been close on this affair, Tara. Grange suspected that your uncle's death was not natural. He had the body exhumed and an autopsy performed. Luck he was able to get Schultz, the scientist, to do the work. Schultz is probably the greatest toxicologist in the country. He found traces of a mineral poison the existence of which had hitherto been unknown.

"Whether this or the typhoid with which your uncle was afflicted caused his death, Schultz was unable to say. Grange thought the circumstances warranted an investigation, and I was sent out here.

"I suspected Shiela from the first. In this I was supported by Grange. She seemed to be the one most likely to profit by your uncle's untimely death. The fact that you and Sheamus Tara were strangers absolved you from suspicion."

I stared at him in surprise and growing irritation.

"Why wasn't I let in on this?" I demanded. "Why was I kept in danger when you might have protected me?"

"I have kept closer watch over you than you imagined," he assured me. "It would not have helped you to know of conditions, and all depended on your acting naturally.

"I broke into the house several times. I soon discovered something was wrong in the west wing. The carpets were newer, better kept, and softer than those in the rest of the Hall, altho this part of the house was supposed to be abandoned. There were new locks on all the doors. The atmosphere was heavy with the odor of incense.

He smiled, pausing as tho expecting a rejoinder from me, but I did not think there was one. His error was in misconceiving. I knew him—I did not know him. The old Blackford, the dilettante, was dead. In his place dwelled a purposeful detective was in his place.

"Why didn't you act sooner?" I asked, after a moment of silence.

"Evidence," he explained tolerantly. "What would be the use of acting against a suspect like Shiela without sufficient evidence to convict? It would only put her on her guard.

"I knew you were here, and I knew they were here for no good. When I discovered Shiela prowling about, even more closely than before. Shiela suspected my several burglaries. She got to locking her doors. The sound of a shot in the dark grew more imminent. My work was hampered until the day Dr. Woo was ousted with his assistants.

"When they were well concealed in the pines, I replaced the harp strings, the now of a gun. I locked them up in my basement. When they confessed on promise of immunity, I went here at once. They confessed too late.

"The ghosts of Tara's Hall are laid for keeps," he said, as he arose. "My work is done, and I must be going."

The detective was well on the way to his Studebaker before I found my voice. She was standing before the window, looking out into the fast clearing sky. She looked very pale and despite he turn affairs had taken, very troubled.

"There are some things I have to tell you before I go away," she said, with an effort. "I too suspected that Mr. Tara had not died a natural death. The opinion lawyers told me that there was a plot here against my interests. I came out here to find out. I was right. But I suspected the wrong person. I see now that I was deceived by a man who was thinking only of his own gain. Perhaps I might eat up my little inheritance. I thought, Patrick—I thought that you were guilty. I was glad to have reason for it. But I can make no other amends. I am going away. The storm is clearing, and there is a motor-boat plane over the river, a few miles from here."

"You are not going away," I said.

I stepped over and took both her hands in mine.

"I don't want this old house without you. It has been the scene of my greatest joy in meeting you. It will be the scene of my greatest disappointment if you go away. I want you to stay here always, Ruth. We can make it a real home, you and I."

She looked up to me, the troubled look fading from her eyes. Then she smiled whimsically.

"If we can keep it as interesting in the future as it has been in the past, we certainly will not be lonesome," she observed mischievously.

Then I kissed her. She did not object.

The End.

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EMBARRASSING BIRD.

The young man whose best girl lives in a city two hours away from Chicago threw down his bag when he reached the club and said, "Whe-e-ew!" as he sank into a comfortable chair.

"Oh, that was an awful trip!" he groaned.

"So soon?" queried the cynical man.

"Not at all!" vigorously responded the young man. "But I hate parrots! Some people have just a nice, polite dislike for things, but as for me, when I don't like anything I detest it. If I had to decide on the thing in this whole world that appeals to me most as the height of superfluousness it should instantly, without the least hesitation, select a parrot! All would have been well if Ethel were not so horribly nice when she is nice! Why, that girl—say, I've seen that girl gaze into the eyes of a person I knew she simply couldn't stand, and look at such a way that the fellow thought she was hanging on his every word! It made me nervous and irritated at first, then wondering if she worked the same game on me! Well, you can imagine her effect, then, when she refused to Griggs talk about his parrot! Griggs is my boss, and the finest old chap in the world, and Ethel knows it about him. So, in her eagerness to please, perhaps she overdid the being-interested act. At any rate, Griggs must have got the idea that that her life was a blank because it did not include a parrot, after she had learned from me how much I knew about joy the Griggs parrot gave its owners.

"Just as I was ready to start for the train at 6:30 Griggs strode into me into his private office. His face radiated delight. He confided in me that if I would take charge of a certain bird animal store, I would find waiting for me a package he wished me to deliver with certain elements to Ethel. He said that bird store, laboring with awful auspicions, which were more than confirmed later with a bundle of cablegrams they handed over to me a huge cage with Polly inside, carefully wrapped up in burlap so that no one on earth would suspect that there was anything inside but a parrot.

"Believe it is a happy moment for a bird store man when he gets rid of a parrot. This one seemed extremely pubic. Griggs said it was a lovely bird. I carried that bird to the train in a taxi, and they wouldn't let me into the car on with it. When I was prayerfully conveying it to the baggage-room Polly sang hymns. She always coughed at such verse, and the whole populace would turn and glare as tho they suspected me of having a sick lady with consumption drops in her pocket concealed in the cage. Everybody grinned, and all burst out in conversation over their great discovery: 'Oh—you have a parrot, haven't you?'

"When the baggage man repeated the formula I leaned close and whispered in his pink ear that what I really had in the cage was a deadly tarantula, with that ate a pound of beefsteak at every meal, and please to treat it tenderly. I slipped each baggage man two silver wrappings respectfully until the parrot burst out to the effect that 'along came Ruth.' I was glad to get on the bus at my journey's end, holding onto the bird cage, which was balanced against an irate gentleman with gout, who was not at all backward in expressing his opinion of men who carted around their little pet birds. As I tumbled out, red-faced, at Ethel's house, I met my future father-in-law coming out. He took one look at my baggage and blew up.

"Never, so long as he lived, he vowed, should a parrot enter his house. Infernal birds under his roof!ree! Hitherto he had regarded me resignedly in the light of a suitor-in-law, provided that must be borne, but this settled it! I had shown what I was. I revealed my real nature. I was unbalanced mentally. If I wished to bring Ethel a tender token, had I not picked out something really appropriate? Instead of a ring—tailed baboon or a waltzing hippopotamus or a full-grown crocodile? Any of these he would have given shelter and waited patiently for death, knowing he had not many years more on earth, anyhow, but as for a parrot—never!

"The bus had not driven away, because every one aboard was far too interested waiting to see me thrown out bodily into the gutter. Ethel gave the first touch to the movie atmosphere by opening the door just then on the scene. Mutely I held out the cage to her. 'Here's your popular present from Mr. Griggs!' I told her. 'Don't bring it near me, though—it's a stant comprehension, dragging me inside and leaving her brute parent on the front steps with the bird. 'Never mind—maybe it will choke!'

"By the time I left, the parrot had chewed up two window curtains and alienated the cook and Ethel's people were getting real proud of it—just as people do over bad small children that happen to belong to them. My nerves are shattered."

"Ha!" Ha!" said the cynical man. "I know what I'm going to give you for a wedding present—a parrot!"

* * *

It's almost as easy for her to keep a secret as it is for her to see the point of a joke.

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The Leopard Woman.

(Continued from page four.)

The hawklike eyes beneath the dark brow of the spy sank deeper into their sockets.

"I ask not for your name," continued the Queen, who towered above the seated one. "All Naples knows you. They call you the Brown Monk, the serpent that hisses in the darkness, the spy of the Council of Seven, and hell never spawned a greater demon than you in your cowl."

There was no reply. The black eyes of the Queen's prisoner would have sent her to her death had they been bullets.

"Who led you into the castle?" demanded Jehanne.

The lips of the Brown Monk did not part.

"You came with death in your heart," resumed the Queen. "You have a dagger beneath your doublet. Throw it on the table."

At the same time Jehanne drew her own sword and thrust it against the man's throat.

"Quick!" said she. "You shall die unshriven if you do not obey."

She slender hand of the captive moved slowly toward the doublet of velvet beneath his robe, and Jehanne's blade pressed against his skin. The little dagger which had a darkish hilt was flung upon the table and quivered there.

"That is proof conclusive," said the Queen. "I shall to die by your hand tonight."

She thin lips before her still maintained their silence. Within reach of Jehanne's arm a gold cord dangled from the frescoed ceiling, and she suddenly reached out and jerked it violently. The act had scarcely been done ere a door flew open and a guard in the Queen's livery leaped into the room.

"Good, Filippo!" cried Jehanne, at sight of the guard. "I have work for you. See thou yonder wretch?"

The guard leaned forward and fastened his gaze upon the occupant of the chair.

"I see the dog, your majesty."

"Now make him fast in the chair," the Queen went on. "There, that is well done. Now descend to the gardens and come back with the panther, Osiris."

For the first time there was a start on the part of the man in the chair. His brown features went ashen.

Meanwhile Jehanne was smiling and toying with the dagger which she had forced from her prisoner. Her prisoner watched her covertly, but not a word passed his lips. Seconds must have seemed hours to him.

At length the door opened again, and there sprang into the chamber an immense panther, royal in its fierce beauty, and showing its teeth at sight of its mistress.

"Close the door, Filippo," said the Queen of Naples. "We are going to treat our midnight guest to a performance which he has never witnessed in the grand circus."

Then for the first time the prisoner spoke.

"Spare me!" he cried, his lips a-quaver with real terror. "In the name of the saints, mercy, your majesty!"

"You thought not of mercy when you crouched beyond the door there. You came to kill."

"But I was in the snare."

"You mean to throw all blame upon the miscreants who armed you. Shame!" "I dared not refuse," was the low-toned man. "They held the dagger at my throat ——"

"As you were going to hold yours at the throat of your Queen. Look at the pretty cat; it has not tasted human blood in a long time."

"I will tell all, your majesty——"

"Which means that you are willing to betray your employers. Another interruption. "I will find them out for myself Cut the man loose, Filippo. He shall have it out with Osiris. By my life! he shall have no weapon of defense."

The Brown Monk's bonds yielded to Filippo's knife, and he arose from his feet. The tawny beast crouched before him, now looking into his face and anon throwing a glance at its fair-haired mistress. There was ten minutes of silence.

"Is it not time for my nightly repast?" asked Jehanne, turning to the guard.

"It is past time, your majesty."

She smiled and dropped back to the door. Once more she met the terrible look which shot from the Brown Monk's eyes.

"Leave him with the cat," she said, opening the door. "Good night, senor. There are things sharper than the dagger. My cat will prove this by and by."

Queen Jehanne went lightly down the wide hall beyond the door. There was a smile of victory in her eyes. Her bosom rose and fell like the moonlit ripples of the bay. Filippo had gone ahead and was already at the castle gates.

All at once Jehanne stopped and listened. Strange noises came from the room she had just left.

"By the troth of Sebastian! I shall need a new carpet," she laughed. "There goes the cat's claws. I am sure of it. The little fiend is putting up a good fight with the cat. Well, I must to my repast. The reward will keep a-long that the blood of King Robert is in my veins. It will be a battle to the death, and, by the way, I must have one of Salvo's swords. He informs me that he has a sweetheart. I must find the girl, for, had he not escorted her home, the wolves of Naples might have spilled my blood."

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

* * *

Couldn't Be Done.

"Go and tell your wife to put her hat on and come for a ride," said Goggles, as he stopped his machine in front of the Wollager home.

"It can't be done," returned Wollager. "My wife never puts on her hat and comes. It always takes her three-quarters of an hour to get ready."

"Hoshh!" said Goggles, ready to doll up to go for a ride! All she needs is a big [illegible] was all right in theory. But [illegible] ways has to straighten up the house before she goes any place. You see, compact might be accomplished and then which find the house all upset, and that would never do.

"Company can't come with you folks over from home. Nobody will know whether the house is straight or not."

"Well, the hour [illegible] the firemen would [illegible] might be inclined to run in and save things. And it would be terrible if the firemen and the neighbors found the house out of order. You see, I know my wife and you don't."

"There is no danger of fire. Put out all the lights. Fire can't start from nothing. There has to be an origin for a fire. You are safe in leaving the house just as it is."

"That may be true, but my wife will figure that we may get hurt out autoing, or we might be taken sick. In that event a doctor would be summoned to our house and he would see how things were, and neighbors would be running in. If the neighbors went into the kitchen to see the kettle boil, they might see other things there, and if they went into the pantry for a teacup the Lord only knows what they mightn't see!"

"On Sunday the boys and I are at home all day, busy mussing up the house, throwing papers around, and making ourselves comfortable and feeling around, so that really our house is not a model of order on Sunday evening. Therefore my wife has to do a tremendous amount of straightening up before we can go to church in the evening.

"Once it was sick and before she sent for the doctor the carpet sweeper had to be chased all over the room where I was and all along the path the doctor was to follow. What do you think of that? Spring cleaning for a month?"

"Well, nobody is going to be taken sick this night. The weather is too delightful. Put on your hat and the air will do your wife good. She must leave the house as it is."

"It's no use," said Wollager, "I know what she will say. She will say that burglars might break into the house while we are away, and then would they think of us if they saw such a looking house?"

* * *

The Cautious Chief.

An official of the Indian Bureau at Washington says that the reservation Indians have not always obeyed the laws against polygamy. One of his inspection tours this agent was told by Quansah Parker, chief of the Comanches, that many of his tribe had more than one wife. The agent told the chief that he must advise the offenders that this condition of affairs must end, that the extra wives must be handed over to their parents.

Later the agent asked Parker if this direction had been followed.

"Did you tell your bucks that they must have but one wife?" he asked incidentally.

"Yes, me tell 'um," said the chief.

"Did they get rid of the extra wives?"

"Yes, all gone," answered Parker

"But," urged the agent, who had himself gathered some data in the matter, "I am told that you yourself have six wives."

"Yes, me got six."

"That won't do, Parker. Send them to their parents. Tell them to go."

"You tell 'um!" responded Parker

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CHICAGO LEDGER

THEY LOST THE LACTEAL

Finishing the Quotation.

Borleigh—"Some men, you know, are born great, some achieve greatness."

Miss Keen—"Exactly! And some just thrive upon you."

IMPOSSIBLE.

"I'd like to keep the Sabbath,"
Was good old Deacon Dow.
"I'd like to keep the Sabbath,
But it somehow slips away."

These Little Surprises.

"Does your husband always come home at the same hour now and then?"

"Oh, yes. He occasionally comes home sober."

An Exception.

"The higher up people are the less they are inclined to suit their fellows."

"I don't think that applies to upper berths in Pullmans."

Puss footed Pete—"I got a hunch, Red. Dese folks won't get up for a hour or so. We change dat order from one quart to four quarts and lay low till the milk's delivered, den mosch it and skip"

The Milkman—"Wait, that's a pint good sized order for such a small family. You must be such a milk shake drunk. I s'pose they know what they want, let the same."

Pete and Red—"Hurray for us! We sure put it over! Don't it look grand! Four quarts of the real bloom-ed-y-milk! Yum! Yum! It's us to it!"

Squire Hodges (talking to the milkman)—"Well, I declare, to goodness! The idea! Here you've been an' gone to an' got a baby in the hospital! What makes it look funnier, now, is, I wonder

An Inquisitive Young Man.

Her Father—"You've been calling on my daughter for some time, young man. Why don't you come down to business?

Suitor—"Very well. How much are you going to leave her?"

Her Request.

A young man saying good-by to his sweetheart was standing on the garden gate.

"I'm going to ask you a favor," the girl said, hesitatingly.

"It is already granted, he answered.

"A very great favor," she repeated, as if doubtful of the propriety of saying what it was. "You're sure that you won't think it presumptuous or forward of me?"

"Never," he assured her. "Only tell me what I can do for you."

"Why," she replied, "would you mind writing me a letter once in a while? I like it this afternoon, and he will be awfully provoked if he has to paint it again."

Arthur's Gracious Offer.

Arthur, aged 7, had carefully bitten out all the soft pieces of the slice of bread, neatly piling the crusts on the edge of his plate.

"When I was a little boy," said father reprovingly, "I always ate my crusts."

"Did you like them?" asked Arthur politely, of course a child feels the father ought.

Then you may have these," replied his son, graciously.

Wanted a Large Field.

"Yes, father," he said to old Mr. Hermit, "I graduated and my education is complete. I s'pose I know about everything. Now, I must go out into where my abilities can be used to the best advantage. I want a large field, where I will have plenty of room."

"Son," replied the old man, "there is no such field in this country. Everything is over-crowded, and you'll have to make it all to yourself."

Quality.

Ancient Maid—"Have you a rather singular fact that in all your conversations you have never mentioned Goethe?"

German Guest—"Vell, you see how it is. If I pronounces his name as you Americans pronounce id, my Shurman friendts vill laugh at me; und if I pronounce id correctly, my American friendts vill nod know who I am talking about

Why He Kept Silent.

American Host—"It seems to me a

The Doctor's Word for It.

If some nations are stupid, others have an implicit faith in the doctor's prescription, and of these was a man in Limerick who went to the undertaker to order a coffin for his friend.

"Dear me," said the undertaker, "is he dead?"

"No, he's not dead yet," answered the other, "but he'll die tonight, for the doctor says he can't live till morning and he knows what he says."

The Problem Solved.

Mrs. Isham—"Four boarders, and all devoured a new lover each. Don't you think it's time you were married?"

Miss Kissem—"It's very easy. When it comes home late I always find no room to sleep, when he has a headache in the morning, I tell him he was overworked when he leaves his hat in the parlor, his overcoat in the dining-room, and his overshoes upstairs, I quietly gather them up and put them in the hall. Then when we go to the theater, I never need to suggest that he should engage two shining hours between the acts in a cozy and talking business with the ushers. Oh, it's easy enough to—I mean decided. I'm not home."

Easily Tired.

Boss (to a new boy)—"You're the slowest errand-boy we ever had. Aren't you quick at all, boy?"

Boy—"I can eat fired as

It Seemed Incredible.

For the making of billiard balls elephants are needed every year. And the ivory-hunter in his search for tusks often finds

"How strange," whispered Mrs. Winsome to the lady who sat next, "that people can teach such great beasts to do such delicate work."

Society Shocked.

Mrs. Highstyle (at a fashionable party)—"Oh, oh, oh! That horridly cultured Miss Taylor is here!"

Mrs. Highstyle—"Do tell me, dear, who Mrs. Highstyle—"You need not want to. The creature has evidently made up that she is going to marry for love."

Avoiding Suspicion.

Miss de Style—"Horrors! Why have you adopted a grave's side and yard-stick as our coat of arms?"

Mrs. de Style—"I wish people to know that our money was made in honest trade, otherwise they might suspect that your father or grandfather had been captain on the police force."

Better for Him to Sleep.

The foreman of a gang of railroad men drove into his share of Irish ox.

The other afternoon he was walking along his section of the line when he found one of his laborers fast asleep in the shade of a hedge.

Eying the man with a stern smile, he called aloud:

"Slape on, ye idle spalpeen—slape on, for long as ye slape ye've got a job, but while ye wake up ye've out of work."

Her Preference.

"Why did you bring Mr. Bureson to dinner dear"

"I wanted to surprise you

"Permit me to thank you—"

"All right."

"The next time you—"

"Yes, dear."

"The next time you—"

"Yes, dear."

"The next time you—"

"Yes, dear."

"The next time you bring home a man that may borrow money, please don't."

"Why, dear?"

"Because I have no husband."

Breaking Promises.

Wrathful Pa—"Freddie, didn't I promise me not to play marbles

Freddie—"Yes, sir."

Wrathful Pa—"And didn't I promise to whip you if you did"

Freddie—"Yes, sir, but as I got to keep my promise, I won't hold yours

Avoiding Publicity.

Mrs. Newlywed—"Why don't you have your picture in the paper?"

Mr. Newlywed—"I'm afraid it would be recognized by my creditors."

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Statistics Again.

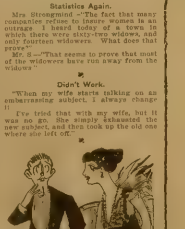
Mrs. Stronghand—"The fact that many companies refuse to insure women is an outrage. I heard today of a town in which there were sixty-two widows, and only fourteen widowers. What does that prove?"

Mr. S.—"That seems to prove that most of the widowers have run away from the widows."

Didn't Work.

"When my wife starts talking on an interesting subject, I always choke."

"I've tried that with my wife, but it was no go. She simply exhausted the new subject, and then took up the old one where she left off."



A Consoling Thought.

Bramble—"Yes, I'm ugly, I know I'm ugly, but there is one great consolation."

Friend—"What is that?"

Bramble—"If ever I should become great, and the American people should resolve to erect a statue to my memory, they won't be able to make me out any uglier than I am."

A Cruel Alternative.

Inventor—"Here comes Burns. He's got a new baby, and he'll talk us to death."

Upton—"Well, here comes a neighbor of mine who has a new setter dog. I'll introduce them to each other, and leave 'em to their fate."

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Placing the Blame.

"Have you anything to say before I pass sentence, Jones?"

"Yes, your honor. I would call your attention to the fact that the fool lawyer who defended me was assigned to the case by yourself."

Horse Nonsense.

First Horse—"I was a fool when I was a colt, to allow myself at the hoss show contest."

Second Horse—"Why, what happened?"

First Horse—"Four mistrees wore an American hame dress and your groom did not drop his 'h.' All the respectable horses were laughing at you."

I Am It.

They are telling the story of an artist of some reputation who was approached by a volunteer for not enlisting. He eased a while at the younger man with imperceptible calm; then, slowly and with grave dignity, he said:

"I am that civilization you are fighting for."

Their Light Subsistence.

An examination was being held in little Edmond's school and one of the questions asked was:

"How what do hibernating animals subsist during the winter?

Edmond thought for several minutes and then said:

"On the hope of a coming spring."

Wanted a Large Field.

"Yes, father," he said to old Mr. Hermit, "I graduated and my education is complete. I s'pose I know about everything. Now, I must go out into where my abilities can be used to the best advantage. I want a large field, where I will have plenty of room."

"Son," replied the old man, "there is no such field in this country. Everything is over-crowded, and you'll have to make it all to yourself."

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Quality.

Ancient Maid—"Have you a parrot to sell?"

Bird Dealer—"No, ma'am; but, I'll assure you, it is a parrot of the finest quality. It can swear in seven languages."

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"Son," replied the old man, "there is no such field in this country. Everything is over-crowded, and you'll have to make it all to yourself."

"And haven't you been able to find any work?"

"Yes, but every one wants references from me last employer."

"Can't you get them?"

"No, ma'am; he's been dead twenty-seven years."

On the Right Road.

A former member of the Kentucky legislature, now engaged in the practice of law in Louisville, tells of the time that the question of permitting osteopaths to practice was discussed one of the legislative body. There were arguments pro and con, and finally a member from the mountain district arose slowly toward settling the question. Obtaining recognition, he spoke somewhat as follows: "I'm in favor of letting these osteopaths practice. The homeopathic practice, the allopathic practice. All the other paths practice. And, after all, we may as well remember that, as the poet says, the paths all lead but to the grave."

The Exact Location.

A woman from the South visiting New York for the first time was much agitated by a subway accident. Hailing the Hudson tube, she found herself in another subway. Rushing up to a knowing-looking individual, she asked in an agitated tone:

"Sir, do please tell me where is New York?"

"Lady," said he, with the utmost gravity, "it's right at the top of these stairs."

Another Solution.

"I have solved one problem. I won't have a lot of soiled dishes on hand when my wife gets home.

"How's that?"

"I've broke most of 'em."

Tough.

Little Bo—"Please, sir, I'm a little boy of ten and after he had ordered lunch the waiting disposition and ready wit, handed and I want to know if you will let me have a job."

Butcher—"Well, I'll tell you, sonny. The Little Boy (eagerly)—"Please, sir, I'm a little boy of ten and after he had ordered lunch the waiting disposition and ready wit, handed him a newspaper on which he might profitably while away the few minutes that would elapse before he was served.

"Thank you, Josephine," he said facetiously to the pretty waiting maid, "I'll look at while I am eating."

The maid responded with contemptuously, then replied:

"You need make you no inconvenience, Percy, there's a looking-glass straight before you!"

No Inconvenience Necessary.

An effeminate, self-opinionated young man entered a restaurant the other day

A Limit to Friendship.

"Say, Brinson, you'll take Smithers home, won't you? You see, he's in no condition to get there alone. You live just around the corner. Lean him up against the door and ring the bell."

"You'll have to find somebody else."

"What's the matter with you? You know Smithers."

"Yes, I know Smithers. And you bet your life I know his wife!"

Chance for Inventors.

New Arrival—"Say, I've just been most broke I've heard th' Americkns was a nation of inventors, but, by gad, it doesn't look like it."

Friend—"Why not?"

New Arrival—"Sure, plenty not. I then invented a coal-hole that will stay shut when it's open."

A Leap-Year Maid.

"Uncle John," queried the pretty girl who was seeking information, "would it be justified in writing to a young man who has never written to me?"

"Only on very important business dear," answered the old man.

"Well, uh, I have important business, she explained. "I want him to marry me

A Sample.

Mother—"Your papa, dear, is a tea sampler. He samples the different kinds of teas.

Mother—"When I grow up, mamma, I'm goin' to be a candy sampler.

"A man tried to pick my pockets yesterday in the street, but my wife prevented him."

"How? Did she hold him or scream?"

"Neither. She wasn't there, but she had been there my pockets first

Grim Humor.

"Seems like you've had an accident, here," said the farmer, as he brought his team of fat steers to a halt.

"No," replied the motorist, who was just backing away from the scene of the wrecked car. "I've just played a practical joke on my self."

"How's that?"

"In three hours she's going to a matinee this afternoon in this car

Giving a Good Imitation.

Mr. Hen-pecked—"Why don't you get up and make the fire, Mrs. Hen-pecked? You know it's my duty to let that husband lie."

Mrs. Hen-pecked—"I'm pretending to be a hearing the grass grow."

"Why don't you get rid of that mule?"

"Well, sah, I hates to trade it. If I was to trade dat mule off he'd regard it as a personal victory. He's been tryin' foh de las' six weeks to git rid of me."

Visitor—"Do those 'No fishing allowed' signs do any good?"

Owner—"Oh, yes! Strangers wouldn't know where to fish but for them!"

The Wandering Jew Afloat

Or, The Cruise of the Cormorant

By William H. Manning

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CHAPTER XIII.

IT WAS not until past noon Captain Woodward called Hillworth and broached the important topic of the hour.

"We are likely to meet the Cormorant," he said quietly. "It seems to be her wish to board all vessels bound our way from Melbourne, and if we escape her notice it will simply be great good luck. My chief hope is that, with tidings of the pirate already in Melbourne, a warship may appear in these waters. That would end the reign of the Cormorant. But will the warship be in time to save us?"

"It would require a fast ship to overhaul the Lady Neptune, sir," the mate replied. "Still, it must be known now that the tale told by the Dolly Dunn was no fiction, and a warship will certainly be sent."

"But will she be here in time?"

"Frankly, I doubt it."

"So do I."

The captain walked a few steps, and then came back quickly.

"I know no more now what I shall do if that fellow hails us than I did before. When the Rose of Dawn fired a gun athwart our bows, circumstances favored us. The night was dark and she was hard by, so I was able to ram her. But can that be done in the daytime? Naturally, the pirate will come to well off our hull, and a race to ram her would expose us to the fire of her big gun while we made for her. That gun might hull us, or kill men in this way."

"Yes, sir."

"Possibly I should be hailed as a hero if I waged war on the pirate, but what if I lost life aboard the Neptune and possibly led the Cormorant to sink her?"

A hard thing to contemplate, sir."

"But it is galling, mighty galling, to one's pride to think of permitting the pirates to search us at their will. It twists my nerves, Mr. Hilworth! Can you make any suggestion?"

"I regret that I see no clear way, sir."

"Chance, chance! A great factor in the things of life, and I hope the turn of the hour will favor us. However, we may evade her. As you will remember, we are several points off the regular course, and it's my hope we may thus give her the slip."

The speaker faced his companion more fully and curtly presented the old question of the voyage.

"What's the game of the Cormorant, anyhow? If not wanting booty, what does she want? Why all her labor and risk? Her men must know they are deliberately inviting death on the gallows. What consuming motive leads them to risk that death?"

Hilworth shook his head and was silent, and the captain cut the interview short as Mr. White approached. The passenger had suddenly grown less talkative and forward. He no longer argued about the diamond as of a heathen god, and his manner was practically without offense at all times. Even Mr. Israel was free from his insinuations. It seemed to be an odd turn, but there was safety in holding the peace, and he realized he was on thin ice and shifted his course accordingly.

Just now he had come, if his words were to be relied upon, to praise the beauty of the Lady Neptune, and Captain Woodward heard him patiently. It was not policy to quarrel needlessly with a passenger.

Hilworth had moved away, and he joined Mr. Israel near the opposite bulwark. The latter was as grave and grave as usual, but looked at the mate with kindly welcome.

"Well, sir," the young man began, "I need not ask you if you have heard the news brought a little while ago. Do you think we shall meet the Cormorant?"

Your captain shifted his helm and laid a new course, as I understand it, is now somewhat out of the regular trade routes."

"Yes, sir."

"That, of course, is one hope, and another is that the brigantine may be elsewhere than the course she was to pass by. Naturally, she cannot cover all of the Indian Ocean, and we must miss some of the ports of call only well-known facts in saying this."

"The trouble is that we continue to meet those who have been brought to by her, or those who have seen her victims. Are we really out of the Cormorant's path?"

"The point is well made," the Jew admitted seriously. . . .

"I shall, on further study, gained any idea of what the so-called pirate is."

"None whatever, Mr. Hilworth. We may be sure the freebooters are from some small island in the South Sea—of the mainland where white men have not yet planted their banners, but who the men are, and why their cruise is a mystery I am unable to penetrate."

Isabel approached with light steps and her words sung out:

"Do I intrude?" she asked pleasantly.

It was at the Jew she looked, and he returned her gaze quite calmly. Hilworth noticed that his gravity fell away in a measure, and that his eyes were for a little lighted with pleasure. He was softened and moved in some way, and it was as if he felt affection for the dark mate had come tender fathers regard their daughters as Mr. Israel looked at Isabel.

"Speaking for myself," he replied, "there can be no intrusion when you bring sunshine into the dull hour."

"Do you remember," she continued, "that it is a privilege to sit at the feet of Gamaliel?"

The Jew showed something like agitation.

"If there is a disciple of Gamaliel in this ship, I am not he," was the response. "Gamaliel was the fount of wisdom, while I am the seat of ignorance, I fear."

"Far be it from me to pay compliments, sir," the girl replied, "but I am wiser for knowing you while in the Lady Neptune."

"Impossible!" and the Jew saddened.

"I am young, and only experience can give knowledge. You have had experience. Every year makes more of wisdom, and you have seen the years."

"Sometimes knowledge finds no cleft in the mental rock for its roots."

The girl shook her head slowly. She looked at Mr. Israel with friendly eyes, and his expression had each become almost tender. Mate Hilworth felt that it was a time for him to remain silent.

"Some years ago," the girl went on, then gazed downward and left a few seconds, she suddenly looked at him again.

He read her mood with subtle skill and bowed.

"Do not fear to speak what is most in your mind," he directed.

"I do fear to speak, Mr. Israel, yet I came to you to ask a certain question. If I have your permission——"

"Fear nothing, my child, but speak on," was the gracious answer.

"This voyage," she said, her voice a little unsteady, "has been one of strange things—mystery, possible danger, talk of peculiar matters. One of these I know you have often heard referred to, for it has been discussed in your presence. I refer—I hope I do not transgress—I refer to the tradition of the so-called Wandering Jew."

Hilworth, watching closely, could not see the slightest change in the bearded man's face or eyes.

"This has been discussed here," was the even reply, "and, of course, elsewhere. It is an old tale, known to generation after generation."

"What," questioned Isabel apologetically, "is your opinion of it?"

"There are several versions of the tale. Naturally, you have in mind that most common among English-speaking peoples. How is it possible for ordinary human beings to speak understandingly on such a subject?"

"I for one, do not assume to do so, but what I want most to know is, Have you ever seen the Wandering Jew?"

We have been in lands where men spoke of him, but if I ever came face to face with him I did not know it."

"Is it possible for a man to be nineteen hundred years old?"

"My child, there is nothing impossible in the plan of the Ruler of the heavens and the earth."

"But that great length of time——"

"May be the salvation of a sinner. Nineteen hundred years spent in meditation, remorse, suffering of body and mind, and unavailing longing is better than one moment of grevious sin. Far be it from me to affirm that the tale of the wandering Jew is legend or truth, but he who can work out his eternal salvation through centuries of suffering on earth is privileged far beyond the one who goes unprepared to judgment after three score years and ten years that most men live. Let it be hoped, furthermore, that if such a wanderer there be, his sorrow has already made him a better man."

Evenly the words fell from the speaker's lips, and the sad note of voice accompanied them. Calm as ever, and unmarked by visible gloom, the Jew was the equivalent of misery and was at ease outwardly.

As much could not be said for Isabel. She was evidently in two opinions, but always she gave her deep good will to the gentle man whose history she did not know. Color had crossed quickly over her face, but sympathy constantly held place there.

"No ordinary man can tell more," the Jew composedly added.

"I can see that," she returned. "Something else is not to be known. Yet, if the tale is fact instead of mere legend, I give to that wanderer the deepest pity. I trust it will well meant, but my suggestion is give him congratulation instead. Salvation is always sought in the price of the sending every rod of the surface of the world."

Israel waved his hand and suddenly smiled kindly.

"It seems that the subject may be mournful," he said. "Pray let us drop it. Youth properly delights in sunshine instead of shadows, and it should have its due. See, ahead of the nearest vessel we are in, the silver-crowned sea, the heavens that stretch a veil of blue over our heads. My child, I wish you well!"

The speaker finished with a slight quickening of breath, for other passengers were drawing near to join them.

CHAPTER XIV.

NIGHT lost its black front, paled, and drew away abashed by the thought of the sun that was marching forward to light the world. Now the thinning of the dusk left men of the Lady Neptune peered outboard, anxious to have better view of the sea and be sure that no foe lurked in their path.

Then, without the slightest warning, a gun, dull, deep note to their ears, and the plunge of a ball was heard off the port bow. The old tale of the sea was told again—the ship was ordered to stop.

Agitation swept the deck, and all who were there hooked the harder into the night. Captain Woodward had just appeared, and he was among those who felt the sinking of the heart that comes of unusual peril. The source of the shot was not certain, for a warship might be in these waters, but doubting minds had other food for thought.

Presently the lookout aloft reported a sail, that the still-thinning dark . . . a could be certain what the stranger . . . The Neptune held her way, dis- . . . the dawn, and the sea . . . open to the eye. Off the port quarter a brigantine was rushing forward with her upper works packed with canvas, and from her bows frowned a cannon.

"The Cormorant!

Somebody whis- . . . red the word, and

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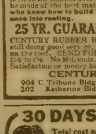

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We can pay more dollars in your pocket than any house in America. Ship us your furs and get our price list and shipping tags. Write us a postal today. Don't delay. Don't ship your furs to anyone else. Don't sell your furs at home. Don't sell your furs to the local dealer. Don't sell your furs to the local dealer. Don't sell your furs to the local dealer

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED

EVERY HOUSEHOLD ON FARM IN SMALL town or suburbs where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp. Burns common coal oil (kerosene). Gives a light 8 times as bright as electric. Awarded gold medal at San Francisco Exposition. One farmer cleared over $500.00 in six weeks; hundreds with rigs earning $10.00 to $20.00 per evening. No cash required. We furnish capital to reliable men. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 670 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—MAKE MONEY SURE—QUICK—easy. New Low Priced Self Heating Iron. The season is now on. Sells like heat. Every home a prospect. Three sales a day means $40 profit a week for you. Write today for money making plans. Address C. Brown Mfg. Co., 4124 Brown Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—BRAND NEW SPECIALTY—Aluminum Triplicate Sewing Pan with detachable handle. Cooks 3 different foods on one burner. Saves gas. Sells on sight. Profits up to $20 per month easily. Send for our catalog of 400 other specialties. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Dept. L, Lemont, Ill.

I NEED BRANCH MANAGERS FOR MY newly-wide mail order business, operated from your own home in spare time; no canvassing or peddling; pleasant, necessary work; you should make $50 weekly. Butler, 455, Victoria, Toledo, Ohio.

GREATEST OPPORTUNITY FOR A GOOD man or a man in each county to make big money. Address Manager, 1123 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—Send for Sample and Full Selling Experience Unnecessary. Publishing Co., 500 Plymouth Court, Chicago.

GUARANTEED HOSIERY FACTORY WANTS reliable agents to establish permanent selling route. Good pay from the start. Thos. Never-Mend Hosiery Co., Dept. 19, Philadelphia, Pa.

$100 MONTHLY SALARY AND EXPENSES to men with rigs, to introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry compounds. Steady contract. Redwood Chemical Co., St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS—FAIR SILK HOSE FREE. STATE size and color. Beautiful, strong, direct from mill. Big profits. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. F, 112 So 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER wants reliable representative to sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear, shirts, direct to home. Write for free sales plan. Madison Mills, 538 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—BIGGEST LINE, HIGHEST profits. Extracts, Perfumes, Medicines, Spices, Jelly Powders. Premiums for your customers. Western Supply Co., 2001 Van Buren St., Chicago.

AGENTS—MADE TO MEASURE RAINcoats. Free coat, big commissions to good agents. Temple Raincoat Co., Box 494, Templeton, Mass.

AGENTS—FOR QUICK SELLING ARTICLES at every home. Write for terms at once. No arguments nor experience necessary. B. Myral Co., 1046 Eberhart Ave., Chicago, Ill.

2 PICTURES, 12x18, SELL AT SIGHT AT $1 each. Cost exactly 5c. Enormous profit. Send 10c today. J. A. Salisbury, Providence, Ind.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Send for our wholesale catalog on earth.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN—18 OR over, for U. S. Government jobs. $75 month. Steady work. No education sufficient. Write immediately for list of positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 36, Rochester, N. Y.

$200 FOR RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN; $18 distributed 2:00 free this week. Write me with Soapine, etc., in your town. No money or experience needed. Big profits. 318 Institute, Chicago.

EARN NEWLY SALARY ADDRESSING envelopes during spare time at home. Complete instructions 10c. Harry G. Shaw, Alliance, Ohio.

$5 MONEY FOR EMPLOYED PERSONS and others. Both sexes. Spare time. Profitable plan; no canvassing; no postage. Write quick for 2 plans. 3-161 Ellis Park, Chicago.

$35 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. Chicago Acme Co., Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.

WE PAY 25C EACH FOR WHISKEY bottles & names. Particulars for stamp. Oro Co., Le Roy, Mich.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—MEN PREPARE AS FIREMEN, brakemen, electricians, railroad trains (colored). Hundreds put to work—$65 to $150 a month. No experience. Age 18-40 more wanted. Enclose stamp for application blank and book. State age. Railway Association, 1, Dept. A, Indianapolis, Ind.

QUIT WORKING FOR OTHERS. START A clean-cut and dignified business. No experience and but small capital needed. Tremendous profits. Particulars and sugar bowl proposition—postal for free booklet No. 1. Address Full details. Wilson Mfg. Co., 273 Hamilton Trust Bldg., Denver, Colo.

RAILWAY—CONDUCTORS; $150 MONTH-ly. Interurbans everywhere. Experience unnecessary; qualify now; position when competent. Write Railway Employment Bureau, 776 Syndicate Trust, St. Louis, Mo.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED. NO canvassing or soliciting required. Good income assured. Address Co-operative Realty Co., V-1514, Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS—Learn $25 to $100 weekly. We can positively show you by mail how. Unique system. Prospectus free. Page-Davis Co., Dept. 17, Page-Davis Bldg., Chicago.

BIG PAY AND SURE WORK FOR YOU with Uncle Sam. Thousands of government jobs open this year. Write for my big free book. Just R. Z.-1934 today. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

BECOME RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. $75 month. Common education sufficient. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 110, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $200.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 179 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MALE HELP—(Continued)

LEARN AUTO TRADE IN MOST PRACTical school. Complete course includes everything worth knowing about auto business. No time limit. Special proposition. Many positions secured. Board and room while learning. Catalog free. National School of Engineering, Los Angeles. Est. 1905.

FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN; $100 MONTHly. Experience unnecessary; hundreds needed by the best railroads everywhere. Railroad Bureau, Free, Kansas City, Kansas; East St. Louis, Ill.

$10 PER 100 UPWARD PAID TACKING signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for prices paid nearest territory. Shepard's Distributing Agency, Lebanon, Pa.

I WILL START YOU EARNING $4 DAILY at home, silvering mirrors; free instructive booklet. Clarke Laboratories, Lansing, Mich.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS—THOROugh instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Columbian Correspondence Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

I WILL START YOU IN THE MAIL ORDER business, furnish everything; men and women handle my goods. Cost Co., F, Atlantic City, N. J.

I CONDUCTED GOVERNMENT EXAMINAtions. Can help you secure Railway Mail or another Government position. Free information free. Ozment, K.-N. St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS SECURED. $900 to $125 monthly. Free living quarters. Write Ozment, K.-N. St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

A RARE OPPORTUNITY, MAKE COMFORTable living home sewing plain cloth seams, any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No correspondence. Send 2c for particulars. Returned if not satisfactory. Home sewers Co., Johnson Bldg., Dept. 1, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE TO ANY WOMAN, BEAUTIFUL 42-piece dinner set. Write name and address. Advertising only 3 doz. free cakes of Complexion Soap. No money or experience needed. Mrs. W. Tyrrell Ward, 218 Institute Place, Chicago.

LADIES—MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME, $10 per 100. Particulars for stamp. Self-addressed stamped addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 3, Kalamazoo, Mich.

WOMEN TO SEW; MATERIAL FREPAID to your home. Write postal for free instructions. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., 64, Phila., Pa.

WANTED—PERSONS TO COLOR ART PICtures at home; easy work; no experience; good pay; work sent anywhere. Send stamp. Dept. 107, 327 Madison, Chicago.

LADIES DO SEWING AT HOME, MATERIAL furnished; spare time; self-addressed envelope. Acme Sales Co., Dept. 1125, Denver, Col.

WANTED—A PERSON OF GOOD TASTE TO sell Dress Goods. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Shops, 4706 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$15 MAY MAKE YOU $1,500. INVEST $1 monthly in safest co-operative oil business. Interest in land and share in co-operative wells to be drilled on 1,000 acres of Texas oil and property near hundreds of oil wells where others have made fortunes. Our plan enables you to sew gunher oil territory where single wells pay thousands of dollars daily. Write plan. Only $15. Terms $1 monthly. Write today for maps and prospectus. Texas Co-operative Company, 438 First National Bank Building, Houston, Texas.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS IN spare time. I have a little novelty which you can make at home in an hour. Price, sample and instructions how to make them for 10c to convince you. Ed. Mfg. Co., 1000 Fairfield Ave., Detroit, Mich.

$15 INVESTMENT IN LAND AND CO-OPerative oil wells may make $1,000 payments $1 monthly. For particulars address Texas-Gulf Co., 1004 Main St., Houston, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell, or exchange goods or services, are offered.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WANTED—YOUR IDEAS FOR PHOTOplay plays and stories! Big rewards! No experience needed. We criticise free and submit to producers. Correspondence course. Get busy! Write today for details. Story Review Co., 3301 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

BIG MONEY WRITING MOVING PICTURE play plays. $75 Correspondence course. Literary ability unnecessary. Write for free booklet "How to Write Moving Picture Plays." Universal Publishing Co., 74 Parker Bldg., Chicago.

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS—$50 each. Correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344, Cincinnati.

FREE—OUR WONDERFUL BOOK, "HOW to Write Photoplays." Enterprise Co., R.-L., 2548 Lowe Ave., Chicago.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$50.00 CLEAR NIGHTLY—WE START YOU in moving picture business on the installment plan. No experience necessary. Write for free catalog. Monarch Film Service, Dept. C, Memphis, Tenn.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

SMALL MISSOURI FARM, $5 CASH AND $5 monthly, no interest or taxes; highly productive land, close to three big markets. Write for photographs and full information. Munger, R. 108, N. Y. Life Building, Kansas City, Mo.

BOOKS

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL" mailed anywhere 25c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., Spring Valley, Ill.

POULTRY

SQUABS AND POULTRY FOR PROFIT. Foy's Big Book tells all about it. Mailed free. Frank Foy, Dayton, Ohio.

FOR INVENTORS

CONSULTING ENGINEER PERFECTS INventions. Machine designing. Working models. Booklet free. Stanley Hall, 3240 Y. Seminary Ave., Chicago.

HEIRS WANTED

HEIRS—THE WAR HAS MADE MANY NEW heirs. Thousands more are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty will be rich. Send 10c. for 160-page Index entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains advertisements of unclaimed estates. Heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Names Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England Dividends. Contains list of Thousands of names in book. Yours or your friend's name may be among them. Send 10c. in stamp at once for free booklet. International Research Bureau, Washington, D. C.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

WANTED—EVERYBODY WHO WANTS TO own a farm where you can raise bountiful crops every year, where the climate is great, the markets good, the price of land reasonable, to write to us today, to send for our new North Platte Valley, Nebraska-Wyoming folder. It tells about the climate, soil, crops, transportation facilities, etc.; gives names of men who have made big money in dairying, raising hogs or poultry, feeding alfalfa or sugar beets and how to secure available lands on attractive terms. The railroad employs me to help you and my services are free. Write today. S. H. Howard, Industrial Agent, Burlington Route, 50 Q Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL SEASHORE HOME SITES, $5 only $20. Special sale lots at Alamo Heights, Texas. famous Sun shore resort. Five 100 lots, $20. Terms $1 cash, $1 monthly. Low rate excursion. Investment. Write for free literature and views. Alamo Beach Co., 421 Union Trust Bldg., Houston, Texas.

OLD COINS WANTED

$60.00 PAID FOR 1873 S MINT; $2.00 FOR $ 1904 dollar, proof; $7.00 for 1853 quarter, $500.00 for 1853 no arrows dime. Big circulation. Watch your change. Look up your old money, and send 4c. for our coin circulation. Don't let a valuable coin slip away from you. Send only 4c. Get our large illustrated coin circular. It may mean dollars to you. It certainly will cost nothing to lose. Send now to Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

PRINTING

ENVELOPES PRINTED "FREE." SEND US 40c and get 100 and a chance to make big profit. Muncey Supply Co., Muncey, Ont., Canada.

MEDICAL

HAVE YOU TUBERCULOSIS? THE ADDItional Tuberculosis A four weeks' treatment for your feet may prevent it. Write today if you are no better we will refund you the money you paid us. Write us today about it. Write immediately for information and book of testimonials. Address Tuberculine Medicine Co., Brunson Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

PATENTS

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patents That Pay" and List of Patent Buyers. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 73, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES," a 72-page treatise sent free upon request; tells what to invent and where to sell it. Write today. E. B. Hill, 933 McLachlen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly, 112 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb Bros., Dept. 6, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECT YOUR IDEAS. WRITE FOR free patent books. Patents advertised for sale at our expense. Advice free. Patent Selling and Company, 953 G Street, Washington, D. C.

THE PATENTOME IS FREE. AN EDUCAtion in obtaining patents. Established 1864. Anderson & Son, Attorneys, 713 7th St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT—PATENT YOUR ideas; they may bring you wealth; 64 page book free. Ellis Gerard & Co., Dept. 864, Washington, D. C.

PERSONAL

A VERY REFINED, HIGHLY EDUCATED, attractive, charming young lady of high, best character, under 23 years, worth $10,000, is looking for a good, kind, worthy husband who could really appreciate a real nice, attractive, home-loving wife having means and easy to get along with. Would marry poor man or farmer. (Strictly confidential.) More particulars and photo sent by return answering within ten days from date of this paper, who encloses same address. Address Whitney 1-B-350, Valley, Nebr. (General deliveries not answered.) This notice is genuine and will stand fullest investigation.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Send postpaid upon receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. L. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Indiana. 1-B-350.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIALIST will obtain his latest book on symptoms and cure of varicocele, stricture and urinary diseases. Every man should have it; postage 4 cts. Send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"MEN," "MEN," F. D. Q. VIGOR PILLS. For weakness and lack of vigor. Mailed sealed from observation. Strength each. Sent in plain package for $1.00. Imperial Co., Kansas City, Mo.

PIMPLES, PUSTULES, ACNE ERUPTIONS—on face, nose, back, scalp. Disfigurations permanently eradicated; natural skin restored to health. Booklet free. Dr. Rodgers 36 W. Randolph St. Chicago.

KNOW THYSELF, FIGURE DELINEATION or Self Study. Character analysis and birth date and dime. Prof. Jones, 439 Fiftieth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ESTELLE. REAL Life Story. Cost $1.50. Can be had for 10c here. Sent sealed in plain wrapper, 25c. Dennison Co., 1-B-350, Norton Bldg., New York.

MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIPtions and photos of congenial people with means. Sealed. Free. Hilbee Co., Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Illinois.

MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions. Free. Tay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 26, Kansas City, Mo.

LOVING POWDER SACHET WINS LOVERS. Lasts months and only 25c. Postpaid. Double your money. Union, Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

FAT PEOPLE: REDUCED MY WEIGHT 45 lbs. in six months without medicine or exercise. Full particulars 10c. Mrs. Young, Joplin, Iowa.

SENT 1000 SECRETS BOOKS OF MOSES. Long Lost Friend, Black Arts; very interesting. Only 10c. Send to-day. Star Novelty Co., E. Camden, New Jersey.

TRIAL READING, SEND 10C, BIRTHdate and sex. Prof. Lamont, Box 1, 205 So. LaSalle, Chicago.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BOOKLET 10 CTS. U. S. Stamps accepted. Kenneth Medicine Co., 1-B-350, Janesville, Wis.

GET MARRIED. BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Mailed free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

STAGE MONEY—BIG ROLL, $1,650 FOR 25c; $4,000, 50c; $8,000, $1.00. Public, Ironton, Ohio.

LOST LOVE EASILY REGAINED, PARTICulars 4c stamp. Will P. Welch, Box 35, Adrian, Mich.

LOVERS' PERFUME POWDER." SECRET of fascination. Lasts months. 25c. Scientific Extract Co., Akron, Ohio.

MARRY RICH—HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. Little Standard Club, Aurora, Ill.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS PRETTY GIRLS. Descriptions. Directory. Mailed. New Plan Co., 1240 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

SOUTHERN LADY, 19, WORTH $25,000, wishes correspondence. Object, marriage. Angeles. Cal.

RARE PHOTOS OF BEAUTIFUL BRIDES. Wedding girls. Sent sealed for 25c (coin). Specialty Co., 1-B-350, Cleveland, O.

FUTURE FORETOLD. LIFE'S PREDICtion sent sealed for 25c, birth date. Prof. Sproul, 913 Prospect, Cleveland, O.

GENTLEMEN! 10,000 LADIES WISH TO Correspond with you. Membership 10c. Standard Club, Aurora, Ill.

HAVE FRIENDS AND SWEETHEARTS EVerywhere. Receive postcards from every state. Interesting. Send 10c. Postcard Exchange, Inc.

TWO ENTERTAINING PICTURES OF FEMALE loveliness "at bath." 25c. Hoosier Novelty Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

I LOVE YOU. READABLE IN 2 "NEXT TO nature poses" for 10c. Pendergast Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

MEET MY LADY BEAUTIFUL FACE TO face, 2 poses (Bathing), 10c. Curtis Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

MISS MERRY WIDOW. "SHE MAKES THE men smile." 2 pose 10c. Pan Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

LOVERS' SACHET WINS YOUR SWEETheart without delay. Powder and its use, 25c. Better, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

PHOTOS—GIRLS "BEFORE" BATH. Kind men like. Samples 25c. Remittette, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

LOVERS' SACHET WINS YOUR SWEETheart immediately. Powder with its use, 25c. Better, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

PICTURES—NIFTY POSES. SAMPLES 10c. Book catalog, 2c. Paul Duff, 3713 Mozart, Chicago.

GET MARRIED; LARGE MATRIMONIAL magazine. Sample mailed free. Future Club, 27 Hearst Bldg., Chicago.

3 BEWITCHING GIRLS, 25c. "HOW TO Take Care of a Wife," 25c. 136 pages. Edith Summer, Roslyn St., Rochester, N. Y.

MARY. GENUINE LISTS. DETAILS free. P. O. Box 211, San Francisco.

The Wandering Jew Afloat.

(Continued from page fifteen.)

...leve a certain box of spices with a peculiar mark upon it when it came, and then to destroy the treaty, which was hidden among the casks.

"Something went wrong, I know not what, and finally one of my people told me the box of spices had been accidentally mixed with others, and was likely to be shipped away on a vessel. We heard, too, that the Cormorant knew all that we knew. They wanted to find the treaty to regain it, and we Dots to destroy it.

"I had my work to do, and know nothing of what others did, but do know that, at one time, suspicion fell upon the Mr. Steele, who is in this ship now, because he visited a merchant who dealt in spices, and so the trunks of all who were to sail in the Neptune were searched in the hotel. Even that did not wholly free White's mind of the belief that Steele knew, so he sailed in this ship.

"Before you left port the Dots and the Circles had each equipped a ship and sailed as merchant vessels going toward Cape Town, to search for a box of spices with an odd mark upon it. The vessel of the Circles was the Cormorant, and that of the Dots was the Rose of Dawn.

"I sailed in the Rose of Dawn. You know how I came into your ship. I was not a Seering, tho I knew that country well, and I never heard of a ship named the Bessel-Zaro. When you ran the Rose down and I was cast about your deck I pretended to be unconscious long after I was back to life, and White, who had recognized me, and knew me well, came to me secretly at night and taught me a lie to tell, it being as I gave it to you. It was not my first lie.

"You know the rest. Why should I say more? The Cormorant people have recovered their treaty, the Rose of Dawn has gone down to the sea, and Paul White is living in a stateroom below. [illegible] with the death of you all [illegible] the treaty. It only remains [illegible] on people, as [illegible]

He stopped [illegible] fighting up, but choked back the expression and fell [illegible] nursing his broken arm.

There were minor points [illegible] and questions were asked, but [illegible] much Foloro did not know, and he was surly about dealing with small things that were known to him. About all that was additionally elicited was that the peasant in Bur-Silet's eating-house [illegible] nothing to do with the [illegible] and that White had tried to [illegible] diction on Mr Israel merely as [illegible] attention from himself.

Finally the Malay was left [illegible] self and his injury, and Woodward Illsworth grabbed out of the [illegible] the captain chuckled as the [illegible]

"[illegible] he murmured. "[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of paper and a thimble [illegible] this trouble has been over [illegible] not really worth a pinch of [illegible]

"Wait a bit, [illegible] Paul White risked [illegible] chaps has [illegible]

"I didn't think of [illegible] able that there [illegible] a wheel, but the [illegible] ration [illegible] that [illegible] seen them [illegible] for the [illegible] venture to get [illegible] level-headed men sometimes part [illegible] with good judgment and do mad [illegible] What need we care? Our [illegible] been to learn who and [illegible] merant was, and [illegible] and to see her [illegible] and punished. The [illegible] friendly port, [illegible] chance her name [illegible] and then no outsider can [illegible] her crew. As for White, [illegible] whether he lives or dies, [illegible] anything.

White recovered, but he did [illegible] and Foloro were committed [illegible] when the Lady Nell [illegible] Town, but [illegible] Some [illegible] conniving, but if any mystery lay hidden it was outside the [illegible] the Cormorant.

At Cape Town, too, Mr Israel [illegible] few friendships, and, bidding farewell to his friends in the ship, departed for [illegible] farther inland. To the last he [illegible] gracious, and gravely friendly [illegible] the parting Illworth could [illegible] warm life in the Jew's eyes and a slight tremor of his lips as he pressed Isabel's hand for the last time. But [illegible] no statement was made [illegible] Isabel and [illegible] deck one evening after the Lady Nell [illegible] left the coast of Africa for New York.

"Mr. Israel is a good, noble man" she said warmly.

"I [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] returned to the [illegible] and that the [illegible] of the Wandering Jew originated with Europeans, and is not taken seriously by any of them, but that the Far East adopted that part referring to the great age of the Wanderer, and, believing in it fully, have applied the identity of the accursed man to Mr. Israel, fearing him, because [illegible] they fall into panic at the mere sight of him.

"Mr. Israel is not the Wandering Jew!" declared the girl. "Besides, there is no such man. All the puzzles [illegible] that he has [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] tooed on his [illegible]

"Perhaps that is [illegible] somebody who knew that the identity of the accursed man was applied to him, [illegible] our old friend, and, not being of the number who expected a hand to drop off, forcibly tattooed the arm as a cruel jest?"

"I do believe [illegible] truth of it. He would not tell, being close-mouthed [illegible] ways too secretive. He must have known that Mr. White intended to represent him as the Wandering Jew, yet he never denied it. Wasn't that strange? You will remember, too, that I once tried to draw him into [illegible] conditions favorable to [illegible] remained uncommunicative. [illegible] not regard being [illegible] [illegible] person in the [illegible]

had never knowingly come face to face with him. Analyze that, please! No man can meet himself, you know. But why do I talk? There is no Wandering Jew.

"Except in the idle tradition, he never existed." Illworth replied [illegible]

"Certainly not!" said Isabel with spirit. "He was and is a myth. Still, isn't it singular that Mr. Israel never told us anything about himself?"

The End.

* * *

The Raw Recruit.

Recruiting is responsible for a good story from Carmarthenshire. One of the [illegible] Recruiting [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 23, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.50 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 10 cents a word, per insertion for 1,250,000 circulation in the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,250,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Real art is to make it pay.

Once a coward, always a liar!

It takes a big eater to beat a board bill.

The poor cook is the physician's friend.

Two heads are not better than one in the same family.

Between two evils some men always pick the wrong one.

"Don't try to convince a mule that he is stubborn. He knows it.

The shorter a young man is on brains the longer he is on collars.

Good digestion is needed when a fellow has to eat his own words.

Men who take things easy are apt to let them slide the same way.

The only way some men can save money is by breaking into jail.

It's easy to be an optimist so long as the bright side only is visible.

Gossip is a vulgar habit, and other people should not indulge in it.

Good fortune seldom travels around in an automobile looking for you.

Many a man's ignorance is due to the fact that he thinks he knows it all.

A village editor tells us that hard cider is the spirit of the country press.

Many a man who acts on the square during the day is a rounder at night.

The fact that justice is blindfolded may account for some of her hard falls.

Yet a man hardly ever strikes a happy vein in the vicinity of his funny bone.

Girls, if you are at a loss to know how to take a man, let him stay where he is.

A woman forgives an injury one day and forgets that she has forgiven it the next.

It is to be supposed that ghosts enjoy a haunted house with the aid of skeleton keys.

Philosophers and pretty women are apt to be enamored of their own reflections.

If a mule and a horse are hitched to the same wagon the mule looks as meek as any married man.

Columbus was probably looking for a place where hay fever was unknown when he discovered America.

It should be a penal offense to grind out "Coming Thru the Rye" on a hand organ in a prohibition precinct.

Many a young man who starts out in life under the impression that he is a born leader, gets married and retires to the rear of the procession.

Home and Health

Fashion Notes.

Dark blue and green are among the favored autumn combinations.

Many of the fall dresses for street wear are of serge combined with silk.

Chiffon and velvet combined are frequently used for autumn costumes.

Bodies with tunics or effects have long fitting sleeves slightly puffed at the elbow.

Astrakhan and gray ermines are among the prettiest furs for the new Russian blouses.

Plushes are magnificent this season. They are large and full, and when used on a hat do not call for any other garniture save a knot of tulle or one of the handsome buckles now so much a la mode. Hats will be quite as gay as ever. That is a redeeming feature of the millinery, for were they cumbersome in weight as they are in appearance, they would be quite hopeless.

Most of the skirts, whether of princess cut or otherwise, are plain and full, so that they hang in regular folds, and are gathered or laid in inch-deep plaits at the waist, but seldom stitched for more than two or three inches. Until we become accustomed to them, they will have an out-of-date appearance. As many thin materials are selected for this season, foundation skirts will be more or less in order, and, in fact, there is a distinct tendency among the French dressmakers to use the typical foundation with all of the models, both upper and lower, drapery effects in particular requiring it. Some of the designers go further than this and line the straight skirts, turning the lining back at the bottom, just as was done twenty years ago.

Recipes.

VEGETABLE BROTH—Boil in a quart of water for an hour two sliced potatoes, a stalk of celery, a sliced turnip and an onion. In three-quarters of an hour add two tomatoes or a cup of canned tomatoes and a handful green pepper. Add boiling water if necessary, so that a quart will remain at the end of the hour. Season with salt and select herbs, strain, add a teaspoonful of mushroom catchup and serve.

CHICKEN PIE—First cook chicken or fowl as for fricassee, then take all the meat from the bones and chop the giszard and heart fine. Now, make a crust, same as for any pie, only use butter for shortening and mix with milk. Roll a little thicker than usual, and line a deep pie plate, then put in the chicken meat, having the light and dark evenly distributed, add the giszard and gravy (which has been thickened), enough to show thru the meat, not too much or it will run out, butter and season. Cut in the edge of crust and press down with finger-tips or fork. Have slits cut in top crust, bake till nicely browned. To brush over with milk before cooking helps it to brown. Serve hot with plenty of gravy. It is well to cook the chicken or fowl the day before you want the pie, then remove all fat from the broth. Season your gravy to your taste. You can use the bones with rice, potatoes, onion, carrot, celery and any broth or gravy left over and make a nice soup for the following day.

For the Housewife.

Here is a fact worth knowing when you cook eggs: A small piece of flour added to the grease in which eggs are to be fried will prevent them from breaking or sticking to the pan.

Add a sprig of mint to the water in which you boil your potatoes and an odd and delicious flavor will be imparted to them. A sprig of mint added to your lemonade makes it delightful and refreshing.

Get some bitter apple from the chemist, crush it, and sprinkle it in your clothes, you will find it the finest thing on record for keeping moths away from your clothing; and one can use garments of woolen notion as there is no odor of the bitter apple.

Flatirons should be kept in a dry place and allowed to cool on the stove. They should never be put right on to the fire to heat, as this spoils the smooth surface. When heated by the gas, a sheet of block tin or iron should be placed over the flame, as moisture which forms rust settles on the irons, and they come into direct contact with the gas.

Needlework.

In making little children's garments adjust them so that all growing tucks may have room to grow. Have them suspended from the shoulders and not tight and confining around the waist below or above the knees. Stockings should have elasticity and softness. Hard, thick hose make tender feet.

An unusual and decidedly charming pincushion for a desk or writing table can be made from an old silver napkin ring. Wind zephyr until you have a ball large enough to slip into the ring and be quite tight. Cut a circle of soft silk two inches wider in circumference than the opening of the ring and place this over one side of the ball. Now press this thru the ring until the silk side rises above the edge of the ring. Cut a circle of cardboard the exact size of the ring and glue it to the bottom of the zephyr ball so that the ring stands flat on it, and you have a cushion that can be made new in a few minutes when the silk becomes soiled. A cushion made from a carved wooden ring or one of the many fancy and curious Japanese rings makes a pretty gift for any one.

A Stitch in Time.

If you mean to save your sheets and pillow slips and towels, you must give them a glance before they go into the laundress' hands. Often a stitch set then will mend a little break that washing would develop into a hole. The hemstitching of a towel which has begun to break may be caught up in two minutes now. If you wait until the towel comes home you will find the hem hanging in a strip which will require half an hour's work if it is to be repaired properly.

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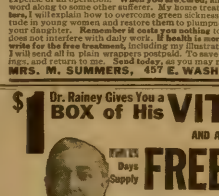

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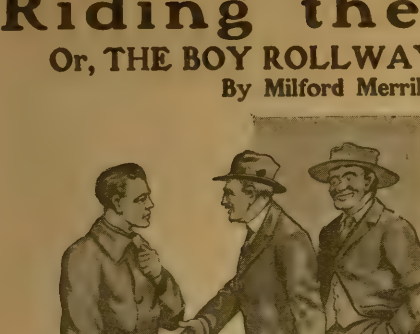

"I am here to see what you are doing."

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CHAPTER XIII

GLEN TO THE RESCUE.

THE Yellow Swamp was a patch of very low land bordering the Muskalonge about eight miles up the stream from the Bear Paw rollway. Glen understood the meaning of this call for aid. The sudden rise in the river because of recent heavy rains had flooded the low ground.

The boy remembered seeing a lone cabin on this flat, built on the highest ground of the swamp. It was said to be inhabited by an Indian hermit, altho nobody seemed to know very much about it.

Glen read the note a second time, then slowly climbed the steep hill, going directly to the cook shanty where the members of the crew were at breakfast.

Jared was the first to come out, and Glen called his cousin aside, saying:

"I want you to take charge of the camp for a few hours, Jared."

"To fill your shoes, e[illegible]" and Jared laughed good-naturedly.

"Precisely that, Jay.

What's the mystery old fellow?"

"No particular mystery," avowed Glen. Then he told of his finding the bit of paper with an appeal for help scribbled thereon.

"Let me look at it, Glen."

The boy foreman produced the paper.

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ing his way out of the swamp toward the big river. The man lay in the bottom of the canoe, his eyes apparently closed, yet from beneath the lashes he was reading the face of his deliverer. The man was well clad for a hermit. He was white instead of Indian, and a person of intelligence at that. His features were strongly marked, his hands clean and well-manicured. Glen was interested.

"You haven't told me who you are," the boy remarked, at length.

"My name, you ask?" said the man, with a low sigh. "What matters it? I have retired from the world, not one. I was young, thoughtless, a very green sort of a persimmon once; that was a long time ago. I have lived thru the shadow. Now I ought to be ready to die, yet I am not. I want to live, without knowing why."

"Have you been long here in Yellow Swamp?" asked Glen.

They were in the river now, floating down the stream at a fair rate of speed.

"Long enough to find that hermitizing isn't a beautiful sort of life, my boy. What are you doing these chilly spring days, Glen Stuart? You hardly seem a stranger to me; somehow I seem to have known you a long time: and yet——"

"We never met until today, Mr.——"

"Hethridge—Simon Hethridge, at your service," said the man.

"I like your name, but it is new to me."

"Yours is not. You live——"

"At Trescott cottage in Oxbow when I am at home."

"What!" rising excitedly on his elbow, his eyes wide open now. "You mean to to tell me you live at the old Trescott cottage?"

"Yes, sir. I tell you just that," declared the boy foreman. "We—Aunt Eunice and I—have been there a long time. It saves rent: too nice a place for poor folks, no doubt, but since my aunt owns it, why shouldn't she live in it?"

"Of course she should," admitted the hermit, sinking back, and not for once more for a long time after that neither spoke. Both had food for deep reflection. Glen was the first to break the silence by saying:

"I wish you could see Aunt Eunice, Mr. Hethridge."

"No, no, I don't care to see her," broke in the old man, hastily. Then, seeming to note that he had startled the boy by his cranky outbreak, he forced a husky laugh, concluding with, "It's all right, boy, but some folks, and old Simon don't hitch any too well, so I never go nigh one of the creatures when I can avoid it."

"Aunt Eunice is a perfect lady, sir. She is——"

"Why, yes, of course, bless your heart, I know she is," crooned the old man, abjectly apologetic. "I meant no harm, boy, only a bit of it."

The silence was not again broken till Bear Paw was reached.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SUPREME MOMENT ARRIVES.

THE rescued hermit was not long disabled. He was able to be about on the day following his rescue, and went out to the brow of the railway and watched the workers, who, with pevvy, pick, and team, were working like beavers to dislodge the stubborn logs.

The moment Glen could free himself from his duties, he went to the man he had rescued. As he approached, the old fellow turned and regarded the boy breaker fixedly.

"A fine specimen," he muttered. "And he is taking care of Eunice."

Simon Hethridge was a slim, not overlarge man, with a gray head and rather pleasant black eyes. He held out his hand as the boy approached.

"You've got a lot of work to do here before you are thru," said the old man. "You must be a boy of superior grit to undertake such a job. I am told that you are the boss here?"

The last remark was a question.

"Yes," said Glen. "I am the foreman."

"Old Weatherby must be less particular than formerly," declared Hethridge. "Meaning no disparagement to you, boy. You are as smart as a steel trap all right, and know more than most men, I am told, about logging work."

"I make no pretensions to superior wisdom," returned the boy breaker, flushing under the keen gaze of the hermit. "The freshet seems to be subsiding. If you decide to return to look after your belongings in the Yellow Swamp, I'll send a man and a team to help you out."

"Don't put yourself out, Glen."

"Just as you please. You will be going back soon, I've no doubt?"

"No."

"No?"

"That's the fact, my boy," and Hethridge laughed mirthlessly. "You see, I have decided to cut out hermiting for good. I thought it good enough for one who but now I know there's something else in the world more worth one's while. I think I may go to Oxbow."

"You have friends there?"

"None."

A very grave expression took hold on the mobile features of the old man of the swamp. Glen thought he detected a sad, careworn look in the eyes of the speaker.

"Do you not have friends anywhere, Mr. Hethridge?" asked Glen.

"There is really nothing to tell. I am just an ordinary old sinner about ready to do the disappearing act—slipping over the divide, as they say in the Rockies."

"You have been in the Rockies?"

"Oh, yes, many times."

"You have friends there?"

"No, not there nor anywhere. I am a childless, friendless old man. There's nothing for me to live for. I am no good in the world. There's but one person who might care, and I think it would be only right for me to keep away."

"You are too self-accusing," returned the interested boy. "Who is the person who might care to have you live?"

"To have me die, rather," snapped Hethridge.

"Well, who is he?"

The old man shook his head slowly. "It's a she," he muttered. "I can say nothing to you." Then he turned from the boy and walked rapidly from the spot.

"Queer old chap!" murmured the boy breaker, wherefore in the strange hermit grew with the passage of time.

Jared appeared from down the hillside, his face flushed and burning from the work he had been doing. He halted at Glen's side, panting, very much out of breath.

"Don't work too hard, Jay," warned his cousin.

"No danger," and Jared laughed.

"How are things below?"

"In a tough hard knot," said the other. "We have been working on the key-log for two hours without gaining much headway."

Glen's face went serious.

"I have been listening to others," said he, slowly. "The work on the key-log I am anxious to get a break before Saturday. The boss may be up then, you know——"

"I've mean old Shedd Weatherby!"

"Sure. It's about time for him to put in an appearance, now he is greatly demanding why he doesn't get a favorable report from old Bear Paw. Like enough he will be terribly hard in with him. I haven't heard a word from the old foreman in a fortnight. No news is good news you say, and it would be a big surprising if Pete came back onto his job soon."

"No, and that would knock you out."

"I shouldn't complain if it did."

"Getting sick of the job, maybe," and Jared laughed.

"Not that; I like it. I'm going to try another experiment, Jay."

"Well, what is it?"

"This working to dig out the key-log is an exploded theory with me. I know there is another and better way."

"What is that?"

"The rolling of logs from the summit——"

"Which we have been doing part of the time without success."

"There's a new way that hasn't been tried yet. I remember the big butt swung out by the old sidway?"

"The big fellow that no team has been able to snake out?"

"Yes——"

"You can't budge that, Glen."

"I'll show you that I can," declared the boy foreman, with picks and levers were required to roll the huge cylinder out upon the great mass of other logs. This work was not wholly free from the danger element, and some of the men shrank a little as the big pine log neared the outer edge of the high jam.

"Go careful now," warned Glen, who stood at one end of the monster log, giving his orders. "There, that will do, lads! Now, block her!"

The block was applied, and the giant sawlog sat tottering on the brink like some monster rock just ready to be precipitated down a mountain side.

"It won't do," grunted one man, shaking his head. "A lot of work for nothin'. We're all likely ter git killed lettin' a snip of a boy run things. As fur me, I'll be over to the old boss come back."

"That's right," coincided one, who heard the man's complaint. "The old boss would 'a' knowed better than ter tumble logs from the top; that's no scientific way of breakin' rollbanks."

Glen paid no heed to the grumblers. He had tried the experiment of rolling logs from the top till the breakers called him a fool, after which he went back to the old Key-log Dumping plan. A week of this latter process brought no results. It was then that the boy breaker bethought himself of still another way. In fact, it was really his own well-thought-out top-rolling method, but in a more wonderful manner.

The biggest log on the job was used as the center-piece while three or four more of less girth were ordered rolled out along the top of the great jam till they rested in line along the brink of the rollway.

"Now, be careful, boys," cried Glen, when everything seemed ready for his last bent experiment. "I don't want one of these logs to start before another. They must all start together, in order to get the full force of the combination."

"Sully for you, old pard!" yelled big Hawkett, the teamster, who had left his forge to come out and watch the boy boss "make a fool of himself." He nodded and grinned pleasantly. "That'll do the business or bust a tug!"

"Stand back, everybody!"

The voice of the foreman rang out clear and bell-like. As the men retreated to the solid ground behind the banked Hawkett, the boy mounted the end log and walked the whole length of the five logs in the row. From his perch he looked down on a sheer descent of two hundred feet. The great mass seemed to him already tottering for a fall. The lightest touch was all that was necessary to send the whole bunch whirling down the face of the steep rollway to the waters of the river below.

Having fully inspected the situation, Glen returned to the shore and at once directed the men to fetch some long poles, which he had previously prepared. With these were brought also filled bark arms with five block of wood, "dutchmen" he called them, which he carried in his hand and placed at the space some two feet landward from the pine logs.

After this the boy foreman placed the end of each pole between two of the logs and over a dutchman, which had the effect to elevate the long end of the poles about three feet from the ground, while everything ready according to his ideas of what was necessary, Glen returned to the solid ground once more.

"Jared, you stand at the end of the upriver pole," ordered Glen. "When this order was obeyed the boss turned sharply toward the hulking blacksmith, saying: "You take the center pole, Hawkett."

Nor was an instant the big man who had spoken to remain idle. His duty was at the shop, and it was not customary for a blacksmith to do any more rollway work, but none of the men or crew were upon the man of iron and steel, as also were the eyes of the young rollway boss.

"Oh, very, gratuitously!" the big man, half-laughing, going forward to the end of the pole which had its farther extremity between the two logs of the first layer log. "What do I care! If you fellers wanter go on with the joke, I'm perfectly willing."

He tried the pole, vibrating the heavy log, which stood well balanced on the brink.

"Be careful," called Glen, sharply "Don't touch the lever till I give the order."

Jared and Haskett, having taken their places at the end of the long pries, Glen called to them to give over the use of the remaining levers. The five men stood with feet braced ready for the next call from the boss breaker.

"Now, my men," said Glen, "what I wish is for you five to bear your weight

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down upon the levers at one and the same moment. Do you all understand?"

"You bet we do, boss."

At this instant a light buckboard dashed up, bearing two men.

CHAPTER XV.
A MASTER STROKE.

WHOA! Whoa!" called the driver of the buckboard, halting his prancing animals within a yard of where Glen Dayton stood.

Mr. Weatherby!" exclaimed the boy foreman. At the same time he cast his eye over the lumbermen's companion, recognising Benner Wade, who was clothed in fine garments, barbered, and fixed, as one expressed it, "fit to kill."

"I am here to see what you are doing," said the lumberman, slipping to the ground, facing Glen.

The face of the speaker wore a serious expression, while the discontent in the eyes under the heavy brows bodes no good to the breaker boss.

"He don't seem to have made much headway since he begun here weeks ago," injected the buckboard passenger, leering at Glen.

"Never you mind, Blink," and Weatherby whirled upon the speaker. "I will attend to the settling of the account, for what have you been doing all these weeks? I expected to hear a good report from you before now."

"And I meant to make one, sir," confessed the boy breaker. "You will see for yourself if you will look over the log-way that this is no comparison to the ordinary log-jam. Timber has been rolled in at all angles of the compass, missing and tying them into knots that the oldest breaker that ever handled logs couldn't untie in a minute. I have been pegging away, sir, and hope soon to make a favorable report."

Glen stood respectfully before his employer, hat in hand, all the time giving a side glance from under the heavy brows at the five men who stood at the ends of the long pries, waiting the word to launch as many big logs into the two-hundred feet of abyss below.

"You ought to have broken this rollway in half the time you have been here. It was a mistake of mine appointing a boy to do a man's work. You may consider yourself discharged. Come to the shanty and get your pay."

"One moment, sir," begged Glen, who was not willing to forego his last stand, he fondly believed, best experiment.

"Not a minute, sir," angrily flung out the Oxbow king. "If you interfere with my long enough, Blink Wade here will take your place."

Mr. Weatherby turned to the man in the buckboard.

"Get down and take the job, Blink."

Wade quickly sprang down and approached the blacksmith, who stood with his hand on the end of the longest pry.

"Hands off, Haskett," commanded Wade.

The blacksmith hesitated, then fell back.

"You fellows will move right back," commanded the new boss. "There ain't going to be no more tomfoolery here. What I say goes—see?"

The face of Glen went white. It was like blasting the hopes of a lifetime to nip his last experiment in the bud.

"Stand fast, men!" cried Glen, angry at both Wade and his employer. "We're not going to quit without making this last try. Haskett, take your place there," pointing to the end of the pry.

The big smith coughed, hesitated, then, with a laugh, turned his back and walked away.

"You see," sneered Blink Wade, "I'm boss here now."

"Mr. Weatherby, is it true?" gasped the exasperated boy breaker. "Of all men must this fellow rule here? Why, he has been accused of theft. He——"

"That will do," broke in the millionaire. "You know what I said, and I never speak unmeaning words. Your procrastinating and working on original lines of your own have cost me a mint of money. I can't afford to throw any more good money to the birds. Mr. Wade will hereafter take charge of this rollway."

The speaker was emphatic enough. Glen shrank a little, as he saw a good many air castles of his tumbling like a house of cards at his feet. He thought of Aunt Eunice, of the good old uncle who was even now about to be driven from home for want of a few paltry dollars; and also the part this rich man, who had befriended his uncle, refusing to help the man who had so unselfishly relieved his hurt while in his employ.

"Stand fast, men!" cried Glen, suddenly oblivious of everything but the fact that his last and best experiment in rollway building was about to be so unfairly ended.

The boy thrust Wade aside, sprang himself to the middle pry, and, giving a mighty heave, sent the big log with the weight downward. The two, on either hand, acted in concert with the deposed foreman. Three more big timbers of white pine whirled over, and went plunging downward, side by side, into the abyss below.

The rumble and jar of that ideal moment was something never to be forgotten. Glen had put his whole heart into his host. There came a tremble and a roar like that of a mighty earthquake for rods around. Even Weatherby and the man Wade staggered back in alarm, since it seemed as if the very footing beneath them was sliding off into the abyss.

Glen, uttering a glad, triumphant cry, ran back to the head of the log hill, seeking a spot some rods to the left of the downtain of logs. From here he had a fine view of the whole rolling place. The magnificent crash of six million feet of logs, moving with concerted action down the steep incline, was something wonderful to behold. Others of the crew ran and ranged themselves beside the boy breaker.

That was the wildest scene Glen Dayton had ever looked upon, the most wonderful in his experience. Timbers, piled, and tumble of logs along the hillside was frightful to witness, but the plunge of such a mass of timber into the deep river was even more startling and thrilling in its nature. Water, slashed, dashed, smashed into fine spray, mingled with white-sheeted and hissing to the further shore, thirty rods away.

"The greatest break ever recorded in the history of the lumber woods."

This is what Jared Grayson said, and the fact has never been disputed. Never before, never since, has such a mass of sawlogs been precipitated into the waters of a lumbering stream. That was a memorable event and is still referred to as the "Great Break." Men stood stunned and astonished at the outcome of Glen Dayton's last and best experiment in rollway breaking.

"It is more than I dared hope for," confided the boy boss to his cousin soon afterward.

"It's the greatest thing ever!" cried the delighted Jared. "Old Weatherby can't get another boss to do as you have done, he'll be the biggest fool that ever lived."

"Hush!" warned Glen. "The old man will hear you."

"What do I care if he does? It's the truth."

That wonderful break changed the aspect of everything. Glen was glad that his employer had been a witness of his wonderful victory. He kept in the background, willing to throw himself on the mercy of the man who had his (Glen's) fate in his hands.

The lumberman went with others and stood for half an hour watching the effect of that tremendous rollway which the genius of the boy breaker had brought about.

"By George! that boy is a wonder!" was the final ejaculation of the old millionaire. While standing near, bit his lip uneasily. He soon gained the side of Mr. Weatherby, his black eyes snapping, as he said:

"I shall clean up the few logs left, and move right off up to the last rollbank. I ain't a-going to waste no time, sir."

"Eh—what?" grunted the lumberman, turning upon the speaker.

"I shall at once order everything moved up the river to the next rollway," repeated Wade.

"You order this?"

"Why, of course. I am boss now you know," began Wade. "And this boy may stay and work under me if he likes."

"What boy?"

"Why, Glen Dayton of course."

"Wait; we'll see," muttered the rich man. He glanced keenly about without seeing Glen. "Wonder where that beggar went. I wish to talk with him. Ah, here he comes now."

The youth in question was seen to move across the blistered bed of the rollway some rods below where the lumberman stood, peevy in hand, intent on dislodging a single left-behind log which tottered upon the brink above the side hill. Glen's peevy sent the log rolling into the river. Glancing upward the boy saw his employer standing far below him.

"Come up, Mr. Dayton," called Mr. Weatherby.

The boy obeyed, soon reaching the side of the king of Oxbow. Blink Wade came near also, his face wearing a troubled expression. He seemed to know that the millionaire lumberman felt disposed to recant his recent decision with regard to a change in foreman.

"I reckon there'll be little doing here after this," spoke the man, waving his hand toward the bared rollway. "With your permission, Mr. Weatherby, I'll give Glen a job where he can work under my close supervision——"

"Wait a minute," commanded the lumberman, as Wade fell to talk with Glen. You'll do nothing till I tell you to, Mr. Wade."

With that the gentleman from Oxbow requested the boy breaker to accompany him to the shanty office. Once here, Mr. Weatherby sat down and asked Glen to do likewise.

"I am going to take back what I said a short time ago," said Weatherby. "The work you did today has completely vindicated your sagacity and keenness of invention. That is a masterpiece of art work which cleaned the rollway so completely. Give me your hand, boy, and Heaven bless you! Now, go right on up to the next rollway, and take all the time you need in breaking it. I had no idea how smart you are."

Glen laughed, his whole mien changing with the sudden return of his good fortune.

"Thank you, Mr. Weatherby," he said, "I will go up to the next rollway right on up to the next job. I have been to look at it, and know that it is nothing near so difficult as the one we have just finished."

"You need not be in a big hurry," hastily declared the lumberman. "Wade will be boss there, and a place in the mill later on. The man is smart enough if he has a mind to be. One thing more. I shall not trouble you to look for logs. I have been steadily on the job here, and I am going to give you a week of vacation, if you like."

"Thank you, sir, but I prefer to stop in the woods till I get through."

"Very well, Glen Dayton, for course."

Mr. Weatherby rose to go.

"Just a minute, sir," ventured Glen, his face glowing with happy gratification over the outcome of what two hours before promised his complete downfall. "I was wondering how much this got to me?" and he drew from his pocket a slip of paper, whereon was written the following:

"Mr. Weatherby to Glen Dayton, Dr. course."

"Your account, sir," said Glen, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Eh, what's this?" and the lumberman adjusted his eyeglasses, and read:

"To one week's vacation, $10."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the lumberman. "Well, I'll be——"

"Then, sir, I am to receive that amount?" said Glen, with a smile.

"Why, of course, you young rascal! Here, Wade, pay the boy his money."

"Not a red cent," declared Wade, with a sneer. "I'll be——"

"Pay him, sir, or you will be discharged," thundered the lumberman.

Wade paid the money, and Glen, with a bow, left the office.

"Now, Mr. Wade, you will please go to the next rollway and begin breaking it. Glen Dayton will be boss here. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," answered Wade, with a look of hatred at Glen.

"Then go at once. Glen, you will please remain here. I wish to talk with you."

Glen Dayton, the boy breaker, was now the boss of the rollway, and Blink Wade, the bully, was under him.

CHAPTER XVI.
A NEW DEAL.

"Glen, I have been thinking of you a great deal since you left Oxbow," began Mr. Weatherby, when the two were alone. "I have been thinking of your aunt and uncle, and the unfortunate circumstances which have driven them from their home. I have been thinking of you, and the part you played in the affair. I have been thinking of myself, and the part I played in the affair. I have been thinking of Blink Wade, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Jared Grayson, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's daughter, and the part she played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife, and the part she played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother, and the part she played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister, and the part she played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog's flea, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog's flea's wife, and the part she played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog's flea's wife's mother, and the part she played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog's flea's wife's mother's cousin, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog's flea's wife's mother's cousin's uncle, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog's flea's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog's flea's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister, and the part she played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog's flea's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog's flea's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog, and the part he played in the affair. I have been thinking of Mr. Shmidtowitz's son's wife's mother's cousin's uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband's dog's flea

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75c Per Month

Hartman Big Heater Bargain

No. MJ141. A new model Hartman "Regent" Hot Blast Heating Stove, made of cold rolled steel plate and has cast iron ornamental top. Has strong base. Swing corner, reflector, side column, urn, foot rails, screw drafts, front base strip and front base legs are nickeled. Body is 18 in. in diam. Stands 31 in. high. Ship. wt., 150 lbs.....$12.85

$1.00 Per Month

Here is the rarest money-saving opportunity you ever heard of—an opportunity so exceptional, so important as to warrant the keenest interest on the part of every homemaker, everywhere. To prove to you that the Hartman prices are lowest, the Hartman terms most liberal, Hartman alone extends to you this wonderful "get-acquainted" offer unparalleled in merchandising. Hartman invites every reader of this paper to order any one of the items advertised on this page without sending any money in advance, but we can only afford to send one item to each family at these terms. When you get our mammoth catalog, order whatever you wish—any amount—any number of articles—make small monthly payments to suit your convenience—we extend to you our wide open, helpful credit. Take advantage of this opportunity to get acquainted with the fair, square, liberal Hartman plan.

As the largest home-furnishing concern in the world we alone are able to control such immense quantities of the most dependable home-furnishings, that we not only secure the best the market affords but at absolutely lowest price. We allow no one to undersell us—

Our $10,000,000 Purchasing Power Makes

"Regent" Steel Range

No. MJ146. Complete with high warming closet. Top base, large oven 18x18 x 12 in., duplex grate, 8-inch top, with centralizer, improved flue system and steel high closet with nickeled top shelves. Mounted on a strong steel base; with or without cast type reservoir. Silver nickel trimmings. Cannot be fitted with water back. Ship. wt., 350 lbs. Guaranteed to be durably made in the very best manner. If you would buy this range elsewhere it would cost you a great deal more than the low prices we ask. Without reservoir, price $24.75

$1.75 Per Month

With reservoir, price $26.65

$2.00 Per Month

Brussels Rug Bargain

No. MJ147. Charming Brussels Rug in a very new design, woven of excellent worsted yarns in a pattern that is sure to please. It is in a scroll and floral pattern with conventional border, the former handsome fast color shades of tan, green, brown and red. This is a very choice rug and one from which lasting service can be had. Sizes 6 ft. 3 in. x 9 ft. Per Month 75c

Size 7 x 12 ft. Per Month 75c

Price $13.35

Size 9 x 12 ft. Per Month $1.00

ft. Price $15.75

Solid Oak Rocker Bargain

50c Per Month

No. MJ145. Large, roomy Rocker. Solid oak, genuine quarter-sawed oak, full golden finish, slat-reinforced Spanish brown leather upholstering in seat and back. Reversible slip seat has 6 springs. Stuffed with tow and cotton. Elegantly carved posts. Seat front is button tufted, also upper panel of back. 37 in. high, seat 18x 18½ in., between arms. 4 lbs. Price $4.85

Colonial Dresser Bargain

75c Per Month

No. MJ143. Here is a wonderful offering in a beautiful Colonial shaped Dresser, made of hardwood with rich American quartered-oak finish. French bevel plate mirror, 24x30 in. in size, supported by strong standards. 2 small drawers at top of base, 2 full length drawers, fitted with wooden drawer guides. Has 5 large, full length drawers, with genuine brass pulls. A great bargain at our price $6.98

Bargains Worth While

Velvet Rug Bargain No. MJ140. Beautiful Velvet Rug in four sizes. Design is very charming being a medallion center with conventional border. Woven of best yarns that give great service. Colors: tan, green, blue and red.

Size 6x9 ft. Price ..... $9.85 — 75c Per Month

Size 7.6x10.6 ft. Price ..... $14.75 — $1.00 Per Month

Size 9x12 ft. Price ..... $22.95 — $1.75 Per Month

Solid Oak Kitchen Cabinet

No. MJ149. Sanitary "Comfort" Kitchen Cabinet of solid oak. Base has white wood table top 41x26 in., smoothly sanded; handy bread board; pantry drawer and large utility drawer. Large, roomy cupboard. Top has large glass cupboard with 3 art glass doors; metal flour bin, 46 lb. capacity; removable sifter; spice drawer; open cereal cupboard. Rich, golden shade. 67 in. high. Price $10.95

75c Per Month

Solid Oak Writing Desk Bargain

No. MJ150. A remarkable value. Surpasses anything at this price. 44 in. high, 30 in. wide, 16 in. deep. Solid oak stiles, quarter-sawed oak. Golden oak or fumed oak finish. Desk compartment has pull out slide, green baize and mica. Full width drawer and a two-door book cabinet below. Doors have lattice work over glass, wood knobs and are provided with spring fasteners. Price $6.49

75c Per Month

Solid Oak Dining Table No. MJ142. Massive 42-in. top, style Dining Table of solid oak, large 8-in. round pedestal fitted to Colonial scroll platform base the extreme width of which is 24 in. Scroll legs are 4½ in. thick. Top measures 42 in. in diam., opens to 6 ft. Deep box rim harmonizes with other proportions. Excellently finished throughout and can be ordered in golden oak or fumed oak finish. A remarkable bargain, as this style cannot be purchased elsewhere at this low price.

75c Per Month

$10.95

48-Piece Dinner Set Bargain

No. MJ81. Best quality pure white porcelain, exquisitely decorated with latest rose floral pattern in many natural colors and gold. Six dinner plates, 10 in.; 6 breakfast plates, 7½ in.; 6 cups; 6 saucers; 6 fruit dishes, 5½ in.; 6 new style deep soup coupes (in place of old style soup plate); 6 butter plates; 1 deep, open vegetable dish, 9½ in.; 1 meat platter, 15 in.; 1 meat platter, 10½ in.; 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pcs.); 1 cream pitcher. Price, 53 pieces, complete, packed for shipment $3.98

50c Per Month

Hercules Never-Leak Flint-Surfaced Roofing

Most Durable for Any Climate

Don't confuse this mineral coated roofing with the flimsy stuff that masquerades under the name of "prepared roofing." It is made from ordinary paper, soaked with tar and given a thick gravel coating. Hercules Never-Leak is made from high-grade long fibre wool rag, thoroughly saturated with pure asphalt and both sides are thickly coated with very fine sharp particles of crystal which are firmly imbedded under enormous pressure.

Each roll is complete—32 inches wide, contains 108 square feet (enough to cover 100 square feet). Nails and cement included.

Sold direct to you at low as, per roll $1.15

Free Samples Write for sample of this, the world's best roofing.

Guaranteed Ready-Mixed Paint Bargain

Rex-Kote Ready-Mixed Paint is made of the best and purest ingredients, made to give utmost satisfaction and a lasting testimonial of Hartman's square dealing. Can be applied with brush, roller, mop, dabbing or pitching off, and to cover one coat, will make a better finish and last longer than any other paint. Either you or your painter may use Rex-Kote with equally satisfactory results. You can't afford to neglect any structure or building you own when we sell guaranteed paint as low as:

Roof Paint per gal. 82c
Barn Paint per gal. 82c
House Paint per gal. $1.02

FREE Color Card

Write for this magnificent color card showing all Rex-Kote guaranteed Paints, etc. And don't forget to ask for your free copy of Hartman's Special Paint and Roofing Catalog. It will save you money. Write today. A postal will do.

No Reference Required

The Hartman plan of considering no sale complete until you have received the articles selected and after 30 days' use in your own home find them all we claim, makes ordering from us more satisfactory than a visit to the largest stores. Every Hartman bargain sells on its own merit.

Read our guarantee. It is without question the broadest and most satisfactory ever made—it means your absolute protection. Hartman's Legal Binding Guarantee is as strong as words can make it, backed by Hartman's Ten Million Dollar Capital and Surplus.

And remember—no matter who you are, where you live or what your income we extend to you wide open, helpful credit by the most liberal and satisfactory plan ever devised.

5-Piece Two-Inch Post Steel Bed Outfit

No. MJ148. Complete bed outfit, consisting of elegant 2-in. Continuous Post Bed, 2-in. posts, filler rods and artistic design, flanged top rail; one pair Bed Springs, one hair-top cotton mattress, one pair 6-in. white cotton blankets, one satteen bed spread, one pillow, 18x24 in., which are soft and elastic and covered with striped ticking. Outfit comes in all sizes, 3 ft. 3 in. x 6 ft. 3 in., 4 ft. x 6 ft., full size. Colors: White, Vernis Martin or Ivory. Price, complete $9.69

75c Per Month

No red tape, no mortgages, no interest to pay, no collectors, no references. Everything confidential, no embarrassing questions asked. It is the most practical, most helpful credit plan ever devised.

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tachment to go through Hartman's Mammoth Bargain Catalog than it would to visit the largest city stores. Filled from cover to cover with the most stupendous bargains in guaranteed, dependable homefurnishings ever offered by any concern. Hundreds of pages done in beautiful colors —Silverware, Jewelry, Household Furnishings of every kind—Rugs and Carpets of every shade and color in exact reproduction—in many colors. We want you to see this remarkable catalog—unlike any other. You will be amazed and pleased when you see it—see the remarkably low prices and liberal easy terms. Write today for your free copy. Ask for Catalog No. 85

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We hereby guarantee the goods described in this advertisement to be exactly as represented herein. If you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase after using it for thirty days, you may return it to us and we will refund your money, including the freight charges you paid. We have been in business for many years and have a capital and surplus of $10,000,000.00 to back this guarantee. We refer you to any bank or business house in Chicago. HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

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